THE . . HAPPY SLAVE.

Verses addressed by the poet to Miss Miriam Clements.

Photo, Fellows Wilson.

I.

The bee and the bird are free
(O fortunate bird and bee!)—
Free as the bee am I,
Free as the bird.
Should anyone say to me
"*Pleasant is slavery,*"
Do you think I should deign to reply
To a speech so absurd?

II.

So I sang ere I met with your eyes
Blue and profound as the skies,
Ere I met with your lips that are red
And sweet as the rose.
"O beautiful lips and eyes,
I'm a slave to your tyrannies!
Of my very life," I said,
"It is yours to dispose!"

III.

The bee and the bird are free
(O miserable bird and bee!)—
Free no longer am I
As the bee and the bird.
Should anyone say to me,
"*Bitter is slavery,*"
Do you think I should deign to reply
To a speech so absurd?

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MY LADY MISTLETOE.

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ODDITIES OF ACTORS

Our Actors and Actresses all have their queer little Ways and Habits, as you will find if you read this Amusing Article.

By H. G. Groves.

There is hardly one popular player of the day who, on the stage, does not possess some easily distinguishable little eccentricity. And queerly enough, the special mannerism of an actor or actress is rarely, if ever, duplicated by anyone else—always excepting, of course, the professional mimic, whose business it is to "take off" his "subject."

What other player, for instance, possesses the eccentricities of our greatest of living actors, Sir Henry Irving? No one. His mannerisms—and he *has* a few—are peculiarly his own. "The Irving poses" are as familiar to playgoers as those which chroniclers aver the great Bonaparte favoured.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

If you were to put his head and body behind a screen, Sir Henry Irving's tell-tale legs, with their invariably bent knees, would betray him at once.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Martin Harvey always makes for the nearest table the moment he gets on to the stage.

The Irvingesque stride has become, as it were, a household term, and will live in the memory of the people. The raised right hand, the drawn-down jaw, the head thrust forward with the prominent chin, the left arm hanging loosely straight down the leg, the regular movement of the fine head to and fro, and last, but by no means least, the "Weary Willie" legs, which give the characteristic stalking method of progression over the "boards."

How eloquent are those legs! Though their owner should make an unexpected entrance into the presence of the B.P., his

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Photo The Biograph Co.

Mr. Cyril Maude dearly loves to stand with his long legs apart. He then resembles a pair of pincers.

features and the whole upper part of his body enveloped and hidden in the voluminous folds of a heavy cloak, leaving only those legs visible—is there one out of every ten spectators who would fail to recognise that unique stride, and name the strider? I doubt it. There is only one Irving—with Irving's mannerisms.

The strange fascination which a table possesses for Mr. Martin Harvey is nothing short of remarkable. Whenever such an article of stage furniture is included in the setting of a scene, Mr. Harvey appears to be drawn towards it by some unseen, mystic influence. The attraction, of course, may be perfectly explicable by the clever actor-manager, but to the observant onlooker the effect is somewhat curious.

When the table has exerted its baneful influence, and the one whom it has apparently influenced stands beside it, this thing usually happens. Mr. Harvey slowly places his right hand on the table, and proceeds to deliver his lines in his usual able and artistic style, his eyes meanwhile being turned towards the footlights with a sort of half-mournful, half-anxious expression.

And only those who have closely watched the play of the eyes at such a moment know what a queer effect they produce as an

Photo Ellis & Walery.

"What to do with your hands on the stage? Put 'em in your pockets, of course. I always do." That is Mr. Fred Terry's weakness.

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Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

Mr. William Gillette would be quite at sea without his briar and revolver.

accompaniment to the well-delivered words which fall from the popular actor's lips.

Mr. Cyril Maude's little peculiarity lies in an apparent desire to spread apart his legs as far as possible until they assume the appearance of a very wide inverted V. As this clever actor is blessed with limbs of exceptional length, his favourite pose reminds one of a pair of pincers fully extended, and it is sincerely to be hoped that some of these fine evenings he will not find himself in the act of performing involuntarily that rather startling feat of terpsichorean art known as the "splits."

Mr. Fred Terry, as everybody knows, is a fine actor. But that doesn't prevent him from having one mannerism, which, however, the most captious of critics forgives, probably because it falls in agreeably with Mr. Terry's style.

A bad actor never seems to know what to do with his hands. Mr. Terry, being a good actor, knows how to dispose of the troublesome things—he puts them in his trousers pockets, and, somehow, you don't seem to miss them, he stows them away so artistically.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Terry always keeps his hands in his pockets; but, at regular intervals, in they go, as deep down as sartorial designs allow; and often, when this happens, the action is as eloquent as a Bernhardt gesture!

From what has been seen of Mr. William Gillette in this country, there will be no hesitation in declaring him to be a tip-top exponent of the "smoking" drama. A part in which the soothing weed was forbidden must prove an uncomfortable one for the best

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Seymour Hicks prefers the whole stage and a little more to act on. And he has almost solved the problem of perpetual motion.

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Sherlock Holmes that ever surprised the British public by his smartness. Whether pipe, cigar, or cigarette, in Mr. Gillette's hands—or, rather, mouth—they become intelligent characters in the play.

One almost got to know what was coming next in the action of the drama by watching the hero's manipulation of whatever he happened to be smoking at the moment. Whether between the lips or the fingers of the famous detective, a pipe, or a cigar, or a cigarette, proved its importance in a smoking detective's outfit.

When Mr. Gillette turned his pipe, his habitual pained expression, and his half-closed eyes, upon the villain of the piece, the spectators began to realise that vice was about to be crushed again.

In Mr. Seymour Hicks we obtain as near a thing to perpetual motion as one can reasonably expect in a human being. He is, perhaps, the liveliest light comedian in

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Arthur Roberts' actions always remind one of the actions of a marionette.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

A light and airy tread is a great thing on the stage in the opinion of that king of actor-managers, Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

London. He is so frisky and jumpy in his movements that sometimes he reminds one of one of the figures in a somewhat time-worn cinematographic picture.

He flickers.

But then, no one knows better than Mr. Hicks himself that to be a successful actor you must nowadays have plenty of "go" in your actions.

Now Mr. Forbes Robertson's style is so different! His performances are most soothing to the worried, brain-fagged Londoner of an average West End audience. Every movement is free from unnecessary exaggeration; there is no strained effort. Who has witnessed, without a sense of quiet and unusual calm, his slow, rhythmic stride, his attitude of appeal, his uplifted clasped hands and pleading eyes? And all this may be seen in many parts.

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There is at least one actor whose facial expression may be described as truly and genuinely quaint—Mr. Edward Terry, to wit. How familiar in most of his parts are the short-sighted, bewildered look, the narrow head thrown forward, with the chin jerked in front of the rest of the features!

That popular patterer, Mr. Arthur Roberts, has many mannerisms. On the stage he is never still for a moment. If his legs and arms or tongue rest at all his features are at work. Mr. Roberts gives the illusion to an onlooker that he is a marvellously manipulated marionette, and that a very energetic person indeed is pulling the strings!

There always seems to be some strange fascination for Mr. Hayden Coffin in the front row of the gallery. His most impassioned addresses in verse and prose are apparently made to someone there, and the "someone" must have a very stony heart.

For years Mr. Coffin has been looking upwards, his eyes raptly raised like a dying duck in a thunderstorm; his gestures of demonstrative ecstacy evidently beseeching a reply. The love-lorn Coffin sings and sighs in vain.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Lewis Waller's favourite attitude in the romantic drama.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Mr. George Alexander, the urbane and polished man of the world. Like the Premier, he has a knack of catching at the lapels of his irreproachable frock coat.

The light and airy, not to say jaunty, style of walking on the stage is not confined to the area of light, musical comedy or pantomime. At His Majesty's Theatre it is always to be seen when Mr. Beerbohm Tree makes his entrance.

There is a certain sprightliness in Mr. Tree's pedestrian efforts that reminds one strongly of the lady who used to pirouette in pantomime amongst the crowd of fairy subjects in the big ballet scene. Somehow one would not feel surprised to see His Majesty's actor-manager skip upon the stage on the tips of his toes, and treat his delighted audience with a *pas seul* worthy of John Dauban himself!

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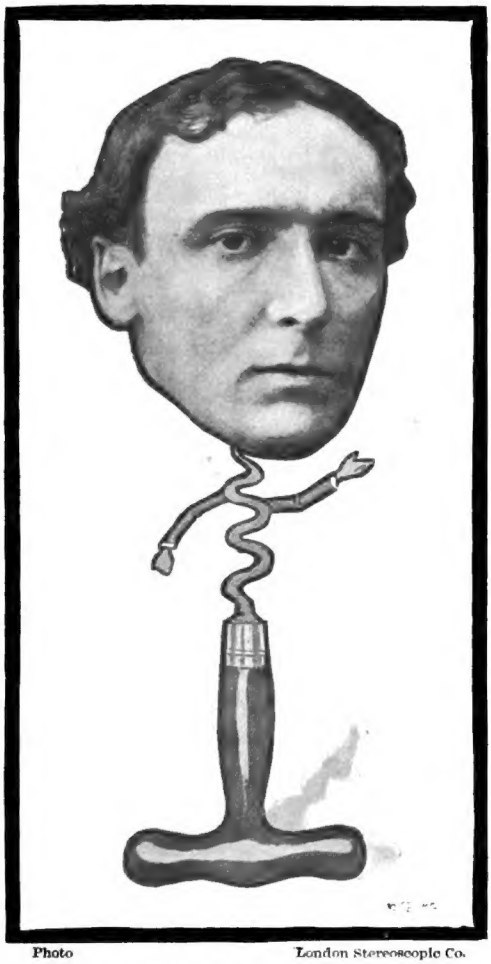

Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

When Mr. H. B. Irving keeps his feet still and turns round from his waist upwards he looks like a corkscrew.

As the hero of the Seventeenth Century romance, Mr. Lewis Waller is at his best.

Swashbuckler parts suit him admirably, for they allow extravagant imitations of melodramatic situations. With sword elevated at an angle of seventy-five degrees, the left arm stretched out on a line with the shoulder, the right knee bent forward, the left leg thrown backward, Mr Waller is in his favourite attitude.

Mr. George Alexander, in modern parts, would be lost if he hadn't the lapels of his coat to play with. They afford him almost constant employment, and when he is not gripping them with his clenched hands he is brushing an imaginary fly off them, an amusement which he varies by twiddling his fingers over their smooth surface.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, in the more passionate scenes of the plays in which he is so well known, has an odd knack of suddenly jerking his clenched fists upwards until they lie upon his breast almost under his chin, his head being slightly bowed. As the intensity of emotion increases, Mr. Barrett strikes himself violently, with short, sharp movements of the clenched hands, until it seems to the onlooker that he will do himself a serious injury.

Somewhat willowy in build, Mr. H. B. Irving possesses the interesting habit of twisting the upper portion of his body almost twice around, while his feet and nether limbs remain "as they were." This has the effect of giving the popular actor somewhat the appearance of a corkscrew, which is indicative of his powers to "draw."

To turn to the ladies, one cannot help confessing at the outset that mannerisms are far less accentuated in that quarter. In the early stages of an actress's career she is, as a rule, full of mannerisms; but experience seems to

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Mrs. Brown Potter's actions remind one of a snake's.

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Photo Ellis & Walery.

Miss Marie Tempest is very fond of standing on the tips of her toes.

give the necessary capacity for eliminating these.

Miss Ellen Terry is singularly free from the mannerisms in which her friend Sir Henry Irving seems to revel. But she has one little eccentricity which is, when noticed, very amusing. It is the coquettish style in which she wears any manner of headgear that the exigencies of the character represented demand shall be worn. Does she do it on purpose, I wonder?

This is particularly noticeable in the "Merchant of Venice," where the advocate's cap worn by her is invariably tipped over in the direction of the right eye, giving a sort of knowing expression to her otherwise sober features.

In other plays where the character she represents appears with a head-covering, the same coquettish little trick is always observable. Even poor Ophelia's straws are apt to get over Miss Terry's right brow!

Every playgoer knows what a thrilling effect a good, wholesome, full-lunged shriek can produce on an audience. Those who have thrilled under Mrs. Patrick Campbell's yell of fear, of rage, and concentrated passion will possibly agree with me that the sound which issues from the artist's lips is almost supernatural in its intensity.

The vision that is conjured up in the experience of hearing and seeing Mrs. Brown Potter in all her parts is that of a beautiful jewel-covered snake. She does not walk—she glides; her every movement is sinuous and stealthy. She seems to entwine herself around things—and people. And, like the beautiful creature she resembles, her eyes are a power in themselves.

Most popular players have a peculiar way of their own of placing emphasis on the best points of dialogue or song. But none do what Miss Marie Tempest does with that intention. She has developed the knack of lifting herself as high as possible on the points of her toes when she wants to make a striking impression. In her "Geisha" days, most of the "Jewel of Asia" song was delivered to an enraptured audience in this way.

Some very remarkable shapes are sometimes

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Miss Julia Neilson curves her graceful body like a young moon and looks none the worse for it.

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taken on by the human form under the influence of a little excitement. For instance, when uttering some of her more impassioned "lines," Miss Julia Neilson's beautiful, lithe form often assumes a crescent shape, reminding spectators of the moon in its first quarter!

On the lighter side of the theatrical profession there are several young ladies who are not free from the little eccentricities which hang around the path of some of their more serious sisters of the drama.

Miss Ellaline Terriss smiles, but seldom laughs. The sunshine of that smile is always warm upon the audience whilst Miss Terriss is on. One dreams of her smile until, like a certain domestic pet with whom her friend Alice struck up an acquaintance, there is nothing else of her left to see—that smile, and nothing more.

Miss Edna May made an excellent "Belle of New York," and, despite the fact that she

Photo W. & D. Downey.

Miss Edna May's face always remains saintly, no matter how flippant the part may be which she has to perform.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

Miss Ada Reeve, the queen of musical comedy, has a quaint habit of playing with her finger tips.

has played several parts since, she is still the Belle. She was a demure young person in the Shaftesbury success, and she is a demure young person still. Even when she tries to be flippant and devil-may-care, one can see that it is only the effort of the demure young person to affect those airs.

Though she may jump on her salvation coal-scuttle and otherwise tear it to pieces, she cannot get rid of her salvation face in the same way—we shouldn't allow her to do so if she could!

Does Miss Ada Reeve find inspiration in her finger-tips? I wonder. Or perhaps she is watching to see that none of the fun and vivacity of which she is so full oozes out at these dainty points? At any rate, those finger-tips are frequently under her laughing eyes while their owner is on the stage; she sees them in light and in shade. Perhaps there is some mysterious influence to be won from them! Who knows?

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SALLIE'S RED CHEEK

By Katherine M. Yates.

A Pretty American Railway Story.

Sitting in a high place—a place of honour—in the main office of one of the big railways, smiling benignly down upon the porters and officials alike, is what at first glance appears to be a rag doll, about ten inches in height. This is Sallie.

Sallie is not pretty, perhaps, but she is certainly not of the ordinary type, for she has a style and cast of features peculiar to herself alone. Her head is round, but flattened front and back rather abruptly, while, by a curious reversal of the usual arrangements, her shoulders stand out in a circular ridge all the way round, below a short neck.

Her garb is hardly of the latest mode, being composed of a strip of faded blue calico with a constellation of tiny white stars besprinkling it.

Her face—and Sallie's face is her strong point—is certainly striking. The texture of her skin resembles that of a once white cotton handkerchief tied over something smooth and hard, upon which stand out boldly inked black brows, and beneath them look in various directions a pair of very round and staring black eyes, which might be lacking in expression excepting that they are set exceedingly wide apart, and that one is perceptibly lower than the other, which gives a rather off-hand hail-fellow-well-met cast to her countenance.

Her cheeks are misfits; that is, one is cambric white, or has been, and the other is red. Not the delicate peach bloom tint of which the poets talk, but a dull brownish red with sharp outlines, and splashes and spots of colour running clear up over the top of her head. And yet no one thinks the less of Sallie because of this ugly splotch on her complexion; in fact, it seems to be admired by those who know her story.

There is a little station down in Ohio, somewhere among the hills—just a tiny bit of a two-storey structure, two living rooms upstairs, a waiting-room and telegraph office downstairs, and a platform where the mail bags are flung down, and once in two or three months a trunk is tumbled off or on, or a case of goods dropped by the goods train, to be carted to the village.

There is no town at Brookfield Station. The village lies three miles away over the hills—such hills and banks of red clay, such a rebellion of nature against the footsteps of traffic, that the surveyor, in desperation, ran the line straight through, three miles from the village, the only recognition of its existence being the little rough station, the switch, and the water tank. To look after the station there were only Pattie and Papa.

Mamma used to be there, but she went away one day and never came back any more, though once, months afterward, Pattie did see a white, drawn face peep out from beneath the half-lowered shade of a sleeper while the morning express stopped for water and she had screamed, "Mamma, Mamma," but the shade was pulled quickly down, and presently the train drew away round the hillside and left Pattie standing with great tears in her heart and eyes; but she never told Papa, for Papa always went off by himself for a long time, when you asked about Mamma.

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So Pattie and Papa looked after the station and the interests of the big railway, all by themselves. Pattie was five, almost, and Papa helped quite a good deal. He helped her to drag the mail bag into the station—such a big bag for such a few little letters and papers! Sam Brenton, who had the post-office up in the village, could carry it away on his shoulder alone, and easily walk all the way with it, but neither Pattie nor Papa could possibly move it without the other's assistance.

Pattie sat very still for ten minutes planning that gown.

And then there was so much else to see to, looking after the big water-tank and turning the switch when a coal truck or two were to be left upon the little siding. Of course Papa helped, but Pattie was very, very busy, and through all of her work she had just two great longings; one was to see Mamma, and the other was to become the possessor of a doll. She had never seen but one doll, and that a pretty little maiden had held up to her at a carriage window one day: such a love of a doll, with a lovely complexion and real hair.

Of course she loved Papa dearly, but her intercourse with him was a sort of comradeship; she must be his brave, gay little girl, but she must not worry him with her small troubles. She knew that, and so the things dearest to her little self were kept tightly locked in her little bosom, so that Papa should not know that she was very sorry. She never told him how much she wanted a dolly; she didn't quite know why she kept silent, for she wanted it dreadfully, but she never said a word—just longed and longed, and then, one day, Sallie came.

She had probably arrived by the train at some time or other, for Pattie found her one morning down by the water tank, though you would never have recognised in her the Sallie of to-day. Pattie did, however; not at first, perhaps, for she had seen dozens of Sallie's relations, as like her as two peas, but to-day, as lonely Pattie's eyes fell upon her, lying there by the rails, she stopped short and looked at her speculatively, with her rosy lips pursed up into a very thoughtful expression; then she gave her a little push with her bare foot, and then, stooping down, she lifted her with some little difficulty, and laid her doubtfully in the bend of her arm. That settled it.

Pattie trotted up the path to the station, climbed the stairs to the lonesome little living room, and deposited Sallie upon the bed. Then she went to Papa's box, which did duty as a dresser, and extracted therefrom a clean cotton handkerchief, being careful to choose one with a little tear in the corner, so that Papa would not mind. This she put over Sallie's head and tied it tightly with a bit of twine, carefully drawing all of the gathers to the back, so as to leave her face smooth, and this formed Sallie's complexion and lingerie. She had no red cheek then.

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Now for a gown, and Pattie sat very still for ten minutes planning that gown. Not that her choice of material was so large: in fact, at first there seemed to be *no* choice, for she did not know where to find even a scrap to use for her baby's raiment.

At last she rose with a deep sigh. Sallie certainly must be clothed at any price, and the small mother mounted on a chair and took down from the row of hooks which constituted their cupboard, a little blue and white calico dress, almost new. The waist was too long and the yoke was too deep, but Pattie did not know that, and anyway her thoughts were centred on the ruffle at the bottom of the skirt.

The ruffle was Pattie's pride, and now—but what will not a mother sacrifice for her offspring? And so, after one lingering look at its crisp folds, Pattie brought the scissors. Then snip, snip.

At last it was finished, and a yard or so of ruffle remained, which subsequently found its way back upon Pattie's gown to cover the snipped holes, and was just as good as new; though her Aunt Hannah did say that it looked "sort of skimpy like."

And now Sallie was complete, and Pattie, hugging her new friend to her breast, stole downstairs and out to her pet stone beside the track, where many a blissful hour they spent together through that long, hot summer. Sallie was such a sympathetic confidante, and never repeated one of the whispered longings or secrets that Pattie confided to her during those warm, lazy days, when the crickets droned in the tufts of weeds along the embankment, the grasshoppers whirred over their heads, and the air quivered above the bright steel rails.

"You know what makes it, Sallie? Ghost trains goin' by all 'e time, I guess," she whispered confidentially. "You can't quite see 'em, 'cause they is hollow"—her way of saying transparent—"and they goes so fast. I 'spec all 'e trains that ever was wrecked goes by, and we never see them at all; just looks like wiggly air. I hope Mamma isn't on a ghost train, don't you, Sallie?" But Sallie's face was blank, and for the first time Pattie allowed herself to notice it.

"If she only had eyes," sighed Pattie; then, animated by a sudden purpose, she jumped up, almost precipitating Sallie into the brook, and hastened to the station.

"Papa," she called. "Papa, where are you?"

"What is it, dear?" came Papa's tired voice from the office.

"Papa," breathlessly, "will you put a face on her? Please, Papa."

"Put a face on who? What?"

"Why, Sallie; she hasn't any face at all. I'd like some eyes on her, Papa."

"Oh," said Papa. "So that's Sallie, that you have been lugging about for a week so busily that I've had to do all the work alone."

Pattie hung her head conscience-stricken.

"I'm sorry, Papa; but I do like Sallie, and I do want some eyes for her, please. I won't n'glect you any more, truly."

Papa laughed and reached out his hand for the expressionless infant.

"Be careful, Papa; she's heavy," volunteered Pattie, who did not hold out her treasure to him in one hand, nor even in both, but dumped Sallie toward him with an effort of both arms and hands that nearly upset her. Her aim was fairly accurate, however, and Sallie landed in the outstretched hand, but she did not tarry long, Papa not being prepared for so buxom an individual, and down went Papa's hand, and down went Sallie, landing upon Papa's foot with a resounding thwack, and then rolling to the floor with a sound of miniature thunder.

But Papa was not listening to the thunderous protests of Miss Sallie; he was hopping about the office on one foot, holding the other tenderly in his hand, and saying things and making faces in an astonishing manner, entirely oblivious of the presence of ladies. Pattie watched him gravely and sympathetically, and, when he had dropped into his chair again, remarked feelingly:

"It hurts, doesn't it, Papa?"

"Well, I should say it did. What in thunder is it, anyway?" as he began to carefully unlace his shoe.

"Why, it's Sallie," answered Pattie.

Papa picked up "Sallie" gingerly, being heedful to get a good hold upon her this time, and examined her critically.

"A coupling-pin, you little witch! Well, that's a good one. I should think your little arms would be pulled out of their sockets carrying that thing all day. Better let me throw it away, dear."

"Oh, please, no, Papa! Oh, please," cried Pattie, in an agony of fear for her treasure, "I want her so much. Never mind about the eyes, just give her to me," and the little arms were held out pleadingly.

"Oh, well, if you care so much you shall

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have her, of course, but I owe her a grudge; she nearly broke my toe."

"But she's sorry, Papa; I know she is. She always is when she falls on my toe, and I don't mind a bit," very earnestly.

"Well, all right. I'll 'put a face on her' if you choose, but you'll have to see that she keeps away from my feet hereafter."

And forthwith the quaint face was inked on with Papa's stub pen, while Pattie hung eagerly over his shoulder; and when the misfit eyes were placed, and the funny nose and painfully smiling mouth had grown into being, her delight was beyond measure, and she trudged away with her fondling, calling back:

"We're sorry that Sallie hurt you, Papa. You've returned good for evil, and we won't forget it; will we, Sallie?"

Did poor earless Sallie hear and remember? At any rate she smiled up into Pattie's face, and her misfit eyes seemed to say: "*We* know."

* * * * *

"Hey, Wilson!" called a brakeman on the goods train as it slowly creaked by the switch where Sallie and Pattie and Papa stood waiting to shunt the one coal truck on to the siding, "you want to keep your eyes out for a tramp that we put off a couple of miles from here. He's an ugly customer and swore all sorts of things. Said he'd smash up the whole road. I see him doing it, ha-ha! But you'd better look out for him; he's liable to climb on to the tank and try to sneak on to the express when she stops for water."

"No good," Papa called back, "four-thirty express won't stop here for water; just hums right through, fifty miles an hour. I'd like to see him sneak on to that." And the two men joined in a big laugh, while Pattie chuckled for company, and hugged Sallie tight.

The goods train puffed its dragging, creaky way round the brow of the hill, leaving the single coal truck upon the siding; and Pattie and Papa settled down to a long, still afternoon, broken only by the call of the cat-bird in a tree across the track. "Sounds like he'd been peckin' green apples, don't it, Sallie?" said Pattie.

No one would come near the station until the six-thirty local, when a few villagers always came down; and after that, nothing but slow moving goods trains all night. The only break in the long afternoon was to be the four-thirty express, which whizzed by as if Brookfield never existed, and left a cloud of smoke and cinders in its wake. Papa dozed in the tip-back office chair, and Pattie and Sallie sat on the stone by the little brook close to the track, singing and whispering to each other.

"It's most time for the 'xpress, an' we'll watch real close an' maybe, p'raps, we'll see Mamma again, or else the pretty dolly with real hair I tole you about." Then hastily, "But she isn't near so nice as you, Sallie, if she has got real hair. Maybe you'll grow hair some day." And Pattie began to examine critically the top of Sallie's head for the hundredth time, to see if any hairs were sprouting.

Just then a sharp click startled her, and she looked quickly down the track, to see a rough, dirty, uncouth man hurriedly working at the switch, apparently trying to break the lock with a stone. What business had he with her switch—hers and Papa's; no one else had any right to touch it. She had heard Papa say so many and many a time.

And where was Papa? Dozing in the station, of course. Oh, why didn't he hear the click of the stone against the iron. What should Pattie do? She sprang to her feet, clasping Sallie close to her breast, and looking towards the station. Oh, at last! there came Papa running. He had heard the sound, and was coming to drive the ugly man away from their switch; but why didn't he hurry faster? There, the lock was broken and the switch thrown.

"Run, Papa, run, run," screamed Pattie, jumping up and down in her excitement, and Papa did run.

At the sound of her voice the rough man looked up. Oh! what an evil face. But now that he saw her and Papa he would surely be frightened away, and Papa must hurry and catch him, and punish him; and Pattie, feeling very brave in Papa's presence, started towards the switch at a pretty rapid trot.

She was so near that she reached it almost as soon as Papa did; but, wonder of wonders, the man did not try to run away at all, but stood there close to the switch, with the stone in his hand, and when Papa reached out toward the switch bar he raised the stone menacingly.

"Don't ye touch that switch."

Papa's hand dropped. "What do you mean?" he panted. "The express is due in two minutes; she goes through here like a streak of lightning, and you've got her

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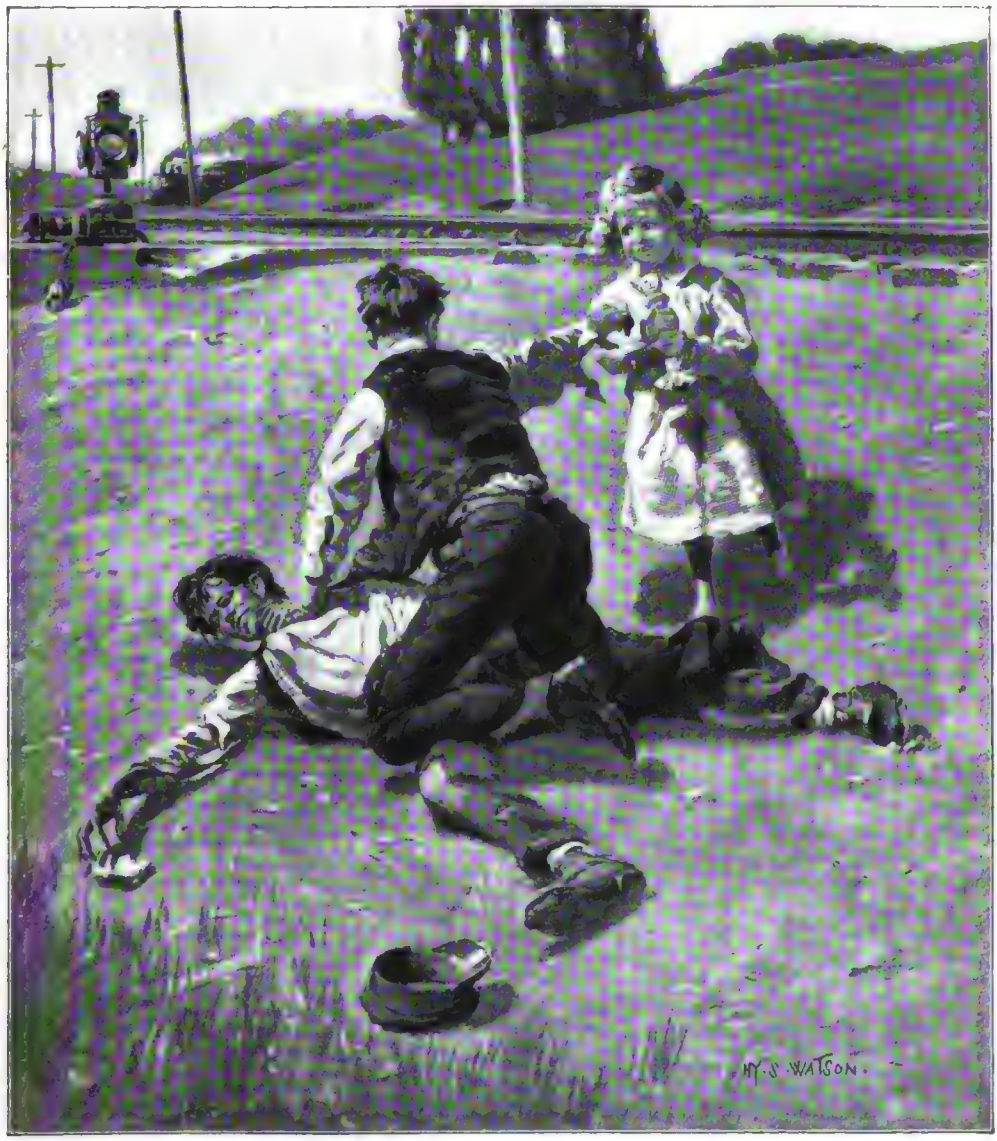

"Oh, Papa, take Sallie, take Sallie, quick!"

switched on to the siding where that coal truck is standing."

"I know it"—and the ugly man leered horribly. "That's what I'm here for. This road killed my partner last year, and now they've set me off here, a hundred miles from nowhere, and *now* I'm going to set *them* off." And he laughed a dreadful, sneering laugh.

Pattie looked at Papa, and Papa's face was as white as Sallie's cheeks were in those days. He seemed so little beside that great, rough, dirty man. He looked toward Pattie with a queer, pale little smile twitching the corners of his mouth, and then turned back and seemed to measure the dirty man who stood between him and the switch, with the up-raised stone, and the sneer upon his ugly mouth.

Pattie saw, through his torn sleeve, how the muscles of the tramp's arm tightened as he made ready to cast the stone down upon Papa's head, and although she had been watching with big eyes and white face, not

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fully understanding what was happening, she saw now that the dreadful man was going to hurt Papa, and she sprang forward with a little scream of terror.

The tramp started and half turned for just the fraction of a second; but it was enough, for Papa saw his advantage. The upraised hand was struck to one side, the stone falling with a harmless thud, and Papa made a dash for the switch, for the rails had already begun to sing of the coming express. Before he could touch the iron, however, the man had grasped him round the waist, and in a moment the two were rolling over and over upon the ground.

The tramp was the larger, but the station-master was sinewy, so that they were fairly well matched, and each was fighting for his life, the station-master for many lives. Over and over they rolled, now one on top and now the other, and all the time the tramp was working his way in his struggles to where the stone lay. If he could but get that in his hands once more— —

Pattie was standing with strained eyes and pitifully white little lips, clasping Sallie close to her heart, and breathing in loud, gasping breaths. Once she caught a glimpse of Papa's face, covered with dust and with a streak of blood on the temple, and those agonised eyes turned tenderly upon her for just an instant; then she saw the other face—the cruel, brutish face, with the red, vengeful eyes, and the coarse lips drawn back from the yellow teeth in a savage snarl—and she half turned to run away—it was all so horrible—and then she saw the great dirty hand reach toward the stone. Suddenly she sprang forward.

"Papa, Papa, take Sallie quick."

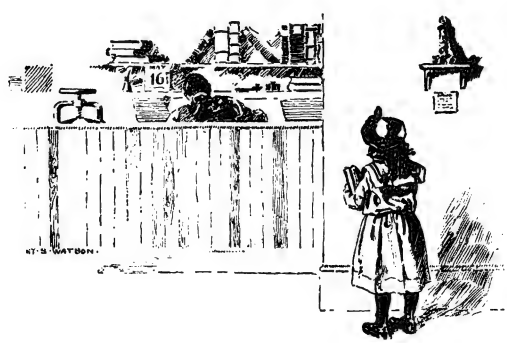
The tramp smiled grimly; the clumsy fingers were almost upon the stone. He had loosened one hand from his antagonist, knowing that the momentary advantage given would be discounted when he held the heavy stone. Papa gave a mighty struggle, the engine of the express train hove in sight round the hillside, and again Pattie's shrill little voice rang out:

"Oh, Papa, take Sallie, take Sallie *quick*." The last was almost a shriek.

A sudden light came into the station-master's face, and he reached out the freed hand. The tramp had clutched the stone at last.

What if his antagonist did take the child's doll? A drowning man will catch at a straw, and the hideous leer with which he again turned his face toward the station-master broke into a taunting laugh as he saw the frail rag-doll poised high above his head, and then—there came a dull, crunching sound, Papa broke from the loosening grasp of his rough adversary, the switch clanged shut, a rush, a roar, and the express train swept by in safety, and Papa sank down beside the switch, clasping tight in his arms Pattie and Sallie, and Sallie had one bright crimson cheek.

Well, that is all. They buried the tramp in that same lonely spot that he had called "A hundred miles from nowhere." Sallie was begged from her little mother and replaced by a lovely wax lady with real hair, while Sallie, herself, the crimson of her cheek fading to a dull, brownish-red, was given the seat of honour in the "company's" office.



Pattie is going to school in a big city now, and sometimes when she comes into the office to see Papa, who has a desk there in these days, she looks at Sallie lovingly and whispers:

"You didn't forget how Papa returned good for evil, did you, Sallie?" And Sallie smiles broadly, and her misfit eyes seem to say to her little mistress: "*We* know."

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THE GLORIFIED SPARROW

How the Common Sparrow of the London Streets is Glorified at the Hands of an "Artist" into a Gorgeous Ornament for the Winter Hat.

By P. Lander.

Even the humble little sparrow, the familiar feathered friend of those who seldom see anything else of bird life, is not spared by the merciless demands of fashion. The headgear of the eternal feminine—that altar of vanity upon which many a beautiful creature is sacrificed—when it cannot boast of rarer decorative finery in the shape of slaughtered innocents, has often to be "built up" to suit the advanced tastes of ladies who desire to be smart on economical lines.

Now the common sparrow, as Nature has designed it, is rather a dull-looking creature, especially when it is dead. The feminine desire for colour and sharp contrasts which our charming lady friends have alone inherited from their disreputably-savage forefathers—or foremothers—is not satisfied by the shaded browns of the feathery street arab.

The manipulator of modern millinery magnificence is, of course, perfectly aware of the tastes of his clients. Does he content himself with "stuffing" each sparrow, sewing it on a shape, and sticking his "creation" into some retailer's shop window? No! He sees possibilities in that silent little bundle of brown feathers, and acts accordingly.

He has a large staff of workers, some of whom call themselves artists—in many cases a justifiable claim—and into their hands he delivers his latest consignment of dead sparrows. The latter, when they reach their destination, are only worth about a penny a dozen—sparrows are cheap to-day.

Now, the sparrow—the worthless sparrow—forms the foundation of a brilliant scheme in colour and feathers. It first undergoes the experience of a bath for cleaning purposes. Then the little limp creature is hung out on a line to dry, a companion of several in a similar plight.

The subsequent glorification

The component parts of the glorified sparrow. All these various feathers are added to the plain little creature you see in the heading.

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of the sparrow progresses by rapid stages. The feathers of more pretentious representatives of the winged world are called in frequent requisition. Pigeons, for instance, contribute largely to the material for building up the glorified sparrow, and even the common or back garden rooster turns in handy at a pinch to aid in the transformation.

The sparrow, limp and bedraggled, passes through the hands of an artist who possesses the knack of brightening up everything he touches. Under his magic treatment the poor little bird grows stout and robust, not to say sprightly in appearance, once more, as in life.

Now the time has come for a change of clothing; the sparrow is introduced

Before any extra feathers are added to it, the sparrow is transformed with paint and brush into as brilliantly-coloured a little bird as it is possible to imagine.

Then a pair of grey pigeon's wings are dyed some brilliant colour——

to a master of the brush, and he, with a few swift strokes, transforms the dingy brown of the bird's feathers into such brilliant hues that the common little sparrow is a sparrow no longer in appearance, but rather one of those beautifully-coated creatures which we seldom see except in the windows of fanciers or at the Zoo!

It will be seen from one of the accompanying photographs how many component parts go to make up the glorified sparrow of millinery display.

——and attached to the sparrow underneath its own wings.

When the "foundation" has become "a perfect little beauty," it is time that the decorative accessories should be made to add further importance to the subject. And the preparation of the component parts is not a whit less elaborate than that of the sparrow itself.

It is first of all necessary that the unimposing wings should be added to. Millinery license allows a bird more than one pair of wings—in fact, ornithology gets a very poor show indeed when a "real nice thing" in hat architecture is being produced.

It has been decided by the designer of millinery ornamentation that a pair of pigeon wings, properly prepared, will add to the dignity and attractiveness of the manipulated sparrow.

Having previously performed the operation of introducing a pair of greyish-white

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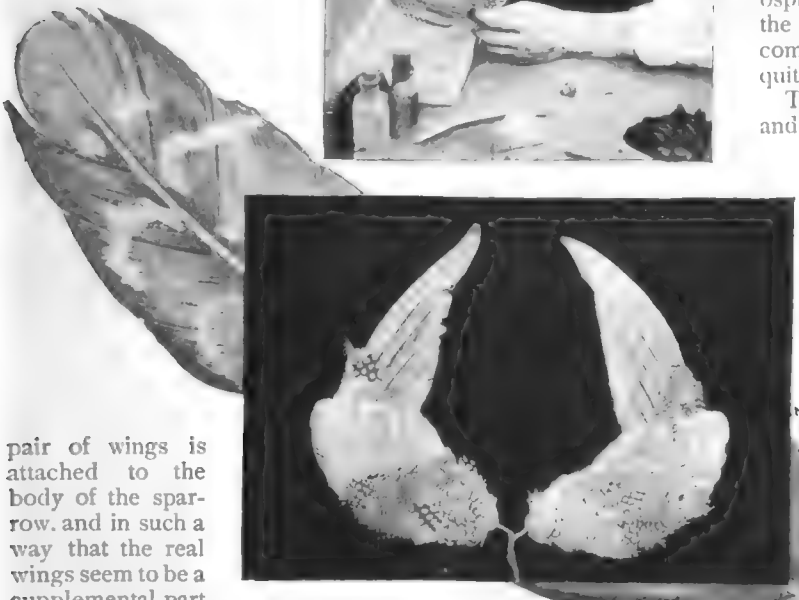
wings to a dyeing-dish — whence they emerge transformed into something very tasty in colour, the artist proceeds to add to their beauty, and, at the same time, relieve the daring of the colour scheme by deftly working in a few feathers from a guinea-chick.

In due course the extra pair of wings is attached to the body of the sparrow, and in such a way that the real wings seem to be a supplemental part of the larger ones, and not *vice-versâ* — a fact which does credit to the responsible artist. The little chirper is now beginning to assume a more important appearance—indeed, it may be said that the *tout ensemble* even at this stage is rather imposing, what with colour and added life. But more has to be done before the censor of millinery wares is satisfied. Several gosling feathers have been treated with brush and pencil until they too look "dashing." This is done by the artist, who rapidly brushes a few strokes of specially prepared colours diagonally on each feather.



To the extra pigeon's wings are added guinea-chick's feathers, and the bogus wings are complete.

In the meantime, a couple of goose-quills have been so cleverly deprived of a portion of the feathers that, when the remainder are curled and twisted, a very fair imitation of a pair of osprey feathers is produced, ready for the artistic manipulator who is preparing the feathery masterpiece.

I have watched the preparation of these quills with great interest. There is, I believe, a great demand for them during the autumn and winter season, and therefore large numbers are turned out in the factory.

The girls employed at this work have very deft fingers, and work at a surprising rate; whilst, so cleverly is performed the ripping away of superfluous feathers, the paring of the "bony" part of the quill, and the curling of the dainty imitation of osprey feathers, that to the ordinary eye the completed article seems quite genuine.

The painted feathers and the imitation osprey feathers are cunningly added to the wonderful "creation" by the artist, who manipulates the various items at his disposal with a stolidity and

Gosling feathers to be added for the further glorification of the sparrow are made brilliant with colour.

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matter-of-fact composure worthy of the nation to which he belongs, for the feather-worker is one of the exiled children of Russia.

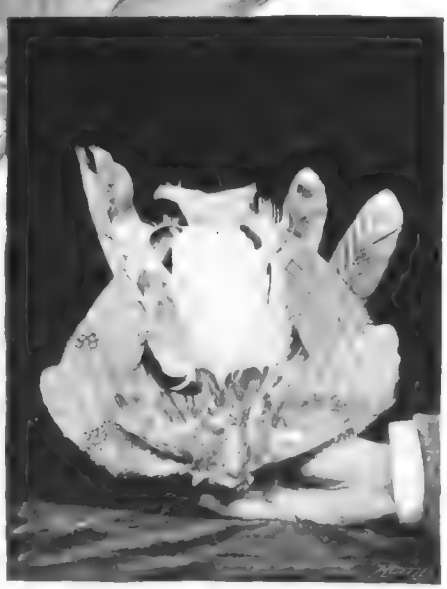
Quickness, minus fuss, is the *forte* of not only this man, but of almost every worker—mostly foreign—in the factory, whose proprietor kindly gave me facilities for obtaining material and photographs for this article.

By this time the glorified sparrow has almost reached the zenith of its splendour. There is not very much more to do to complete the extraordinary creature which, no doubt, will edify the public when it makes its appearance in its intended destination—the hat of some lady with a taste for striking finery.

These imitation osprey feathers which embellish the sparrow's tail are made of ordinary goose quills

"Building up" the sparrow's tail.

A fan-like collection of prettily-dyed feathers is evidenly the *clou* of the whole thing. This is cleverly added on to the rest of the multi-feathered construction, and without a sigh or a smile of relief, the "artist" lays the "confection" down beside him in a box which holds several others of a similar description, and goes on with another set as if there was no possible end to his work.



The glorified sparrow.

It may be said that duplicate "birds" of this description are seldom produced by the same firm. In some way or other an alteration of colour or position of feathers suffices to produce a slight difference in appearance, but the result is the same—the construction, from cheap but attractive materials, of a creature which is a cross between a bird of paradise and a peacock!

Look at the final photograph and compare the sparrow with his appearance in the first photograph, remembering that his complexion has also altered. I think it is safe to say that even his maternal relation would fail to recognise him

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A Strange Story of the Sea.

As the two men shot round the corner from the pitch-black alley into the half-lighted street, they checked their headlong run into a decorous walk.

Yet there was that behind them which seemed to scream at their heels. Hardened in crime as they were, the very air seemed to vibrate with accusation; the shadows fled aside to reveal them, the streams of light from the few illumined windows of the street followed and pointed at them, the wind in the wires overhead roared: "Seize those men!"

They had walked some distance before either spoke. Then the big man, who carried the bag broke the silence:

"You give it to that watchman good, Scully. I seen you hit him."

"I *had* to give it to him good," said the other in a sweet, unruffled voice. "He drawed a gun on me."

"He went down in a heap," said the big man, almost timidly. "D'yer think——?"

"I dunno. I guess so. I was scared of his gun and I hit quick and hard—harder than I needed to, p'raps."

They walked on in silence; then the sweet voice of Scully:

"You don't say nothing of what you did. Whad'jer do?"

"It was all right. I got the big safe open easy, and the bag's full of notes and some good looking papers. It's all right an' a good job 'cept for that watchman. But we got to get out of here quick. It's no ten or twenty years we'd get, now. Sst! Cross over!"

At the next corner, standing in a blaze of light from the brilliant windows of a bar, stood a policeman. He had his back to the curb, but, almost as they espied him, he turned to look at them.

The two men came on without apparent hesitation. There was no time for conference or preparation, and each knew what depended on their passing the officer unmolested. If he interfered—if he should be curious to know the errand of two rough-looking men out with a heavy bag at that hour.

They came on briskly enough. Scully had his right hand in his overcoat pocket, and Big Jim shifted the bag from his left to

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his right hand as they drew abreast of the watchful figure.

"Good mornin'," said the policeman affably.

"Mornin'," said the sweet-voiced Scully, easily enough.

They brushed by, without a check, yet without hurry. The officer, after a second's hesitation, fell into step with them.

"Where goin'?" he asked casually.

"Down to the schooner to git some sleep."

"Sailors, eh? I took you for sailors when I see you a-comin'! What schooner did you say?"

Neither man answered immediately. Both were breathing thickly, but both had carefully scanned the street and arrived at the same conclusion. They were two to one, and investigation meant destruction. There was no one in sight. Scully's right hand gripped something in his overcoat pocket.

"What schooner you on, mates?" insisted the officer.

"We're on the *Griscom K. Loper*, down here in the Long Dock," said Jim unconcernedly.

"You are, eh?" said the officer sharply. "The *Loper* sailed two hours ago. Hold up a minute."

Scully's hand came out of his overcoat pocket, but was concealed behind his back. Big Jim lied on smoothly.

"Did she?" he said with a nervous laugh. "Well, to tell God's truth, we expected she had. We got a better berth, and we didn't want no South Americky trip. So we got a chance on a coaster, and we said ——"

"W'atcher got in the bag, there?" said the policeman, interrupting sharply, and advancing to take hold of it.

Scully stepped up closely as the three stopped dead. Jim surrendered the bag without hesitation. He knew what was in his partner's mind as well as if he could see his thoughts in print.

"On'y clo'es," he said. "What you want to know fer?"

At the same time he stepped to one side to give Scully room, with one last look up and down the empty street.

"Very heavy clothes," said the officer, shaking it. "How do you get the thing open?"

Scully took a silent step forward. But, even as his arm went up, a fourth man appeared from the shadows, so swiftly and noiselessly that none heard him until he stood among them.

"What are you fellers doing here?" he asked gruffly.

"We was just comin aboard, cap'n," said Big Jim volubly. "This copper stopped us a minute." He stooped and picked the bag from the officer's reluctant hand.

"These your men, Cap'n Gregg?" he asked.

"Yes; they ain't been in no trouble, have they?"

"Not as I know of. I was just askin' 'em some questions. It's pretty late, and I didn't know 'em. But, of course, if they're your men, all right."

"Come," said the captain, "let's git aboard. We'll heave up as soon as it's light."

"We was jist a-comin'," said Scully.

The three continued their walk toward the wharf. The officer followed behind, with a vague, professional unrest. There was no chance for the two to do anything but go quietly. The officer followed them clear to the landing, saw them into the boat, and saw them pull away for the little coasting schooner *Wallace F. Trask*, lying in the outer harbour.

"Good-night," he said, as the boat pulled off.

"Good-night, sir," came back the sweet voice of Scully.

"They're all right, Mike," shouted the captain, as the boat vanished into the shadows. "They've been with me for a week. I shipped 'em in Boston."

"Oh, you did?" muttered the officer. "What did they want to tell me they come from the *Loper* for? Looks like they didn't want to have it known what ship they was on."

The officer went back to his beat, ruminating.

At half-past seven the next morning, the custodian of the Commercial National Bank, on coming to his duties, found the vault blown open and looted, and the night watchman lying dead in the back alley, with his head beaten in. At that hour, the *Wallace F. Trask* was well outside the bay, heeling to a fresh, north-westerly breeze, and bound for Charleston with a cargo of ice.

And on her, huddled into the darkest corner they could find, "Big Jim" Falk and "Red" Scully, once seamen and navigators, now bank-thieves, burglars and murderers, were discussing their position, cursing their luck which had driven them back on board the *Trask*, admitting the certainty of their capture at Charleston, and wondering what they should do.

(*The rest of the tale is in the words of Corning F. Truebody, mate of the coasting schooner* Wallace F. Trask.)

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"Well, sir, that was the rummiest trip ever I heard tell of. Seem's if we was queered right from the start. Funny? Well, maybe it *was* funny in spots; most people laugh when I tell the yarn, but I didn't see no fun in it at the time.

"You know Cap'n Gregg — 'Parson Gregg' they call him mostly. He's a good old feller, and many's the trip me an' him have made, but I'll admit he's queer. The things that happened that trip couldn't have happened with anyone else but Cap'n Gregg.

"They call him 'Parson Gregg' because he was trained for the ministry, and he had a wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. I don't know that it did him much good, except that it helped his swearing powerful. He was a quiet, old man, mostly, but when he wanted to cuss he could outcuss anyone I ever heard, owing to his command of Biblical language.

"Well, we'd come down from Portland to Boston shorthanded, and at Boston the old man picked up a couple of men and brought 'em out to where we was lyin' down in Nantasket. Their names was Reynolds and Callahan, they said; a big strappin' feller and a little wiry feller; and Callahan, the little feller, had a voice that sounded like a church choir.

"The old man told me afterwards that they had been hangin' about for some time, waitin' to ship, and they was right particular to find out where the schooner was goin' to call. When they found out, they shipped.

"We had ice for Charleston and a little for New London, so when we got to New London we unloaded what we had for there. About eight or nine o'clock the old man wanted to go ashore, and had Reynolds to row him. Callahan climbs in too, and the old man lets him go along. They had a big bag with 'em, and the old man wanted to know what for, and insisted on seein' that it was empty, which it was.

"They come back along about two in the mornin'. I come on deck when I heard the boat bump alongside, and I happened to pick up the bag just to help. It was awful heavy, but I paid no attention at the time, not knowin' nothin' about anythin'.

"'Well,' the old man says, 'go down and get about two hours' sleep, you fellers. We'll heave up at daylight.'

"Callahan, the little feller, he speaks up and he says:

"'We don't want no sleep, cap'n, if you'd like to get off now. It's a fair wind.' And so it was, and a pity to lose it.

"'Well,' says the old man, 'I wasn't intendin' to heave up till mornin', but it's a pity to lose the wind. If you can go without your sleep, I guess I can. Get her a-goin'.'

"Say, I wish you could a-seen them fellers jump. I never seen a schooner under way so quick. The big feller was stronger'n a bull, and he *know'd how*, too.

"So we got off about half-past two, and struck a good breeze outside and went along boomin'. Everythin' went lovely for days and we was off Hatteras about as quick as the old bucket ever got anywhere in her time.

"Well, sir, one mornin' when we was about twenty miles off Diamond Shoals, runnin' along under all sail, and doin' about seven knot, and everythin' lovely, the trouble begins. First, there comes a steamer, right in our wake. Callahan, seen it first, and he went below. When he come up Reynolds was with him, and they both looked. 'Steamer comin' up astern,' says Reynolds to me.

"'I see her,' says I. 'What of it—think she'll run us down?'

"Next thing, there was Reynolds goin' aloft, and Callahan watching him, anxious like.

"'What's the matter with you?' I says to Callahan.

"'Nothin',' he says. Just then, Reynolds, up aloft, sings out: 'She's a Revenoo boat,' he says, and his voice was kind of queer-like. 'She's comin' straight for us.'

"Next minute he starts to come down, gets about half-way down the riggin', hangs there for a minute, and *falls*, by George—falls off the riggin' in a smooth sea, slap on to the deck—and him a good sailorman, too! I heard somethin' crack when he struck. We picked him up, but he was gone.

"Callahan stands there and watches the Revenoo steamer until she came up and went past us, and then he lent a hand and we carries his pal below.

"It began to blow up after that, and we took the tops'l off her about eleven o'clock. A little afterwards Callahan comes to me, and he asks what time it is. I didn't have no watch on.

"'I've let my watch run down,' he says, 'and I think it's bad luck. This watch runs like a chronometer,' he says. 'I'd like to set it by the chronometer, if the old man ain't got no objection.'

"'Go ask him,' I says.

"So he went up to the old man, and spoke and showed his watch, and the old man he nodded, and Callahan went down into the

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cuddy where the old man kept his chronometer and his sextant and charts and things. He was gone quite some time. I wasn't exactly suspicious, but I felt sort of queer about him, so I went down. I found him leanin' over the table, studyin' the chart that the old man had pinned out.

"'Git up on deck,' says I. 'You've been long enough to make a watch.'

"'I was jist lookin' at the chart,' he says, and he went up.

"Well, along about four in the afternoon, we bein' at the time about two hundred and ten mile from Charleston light-ship, it come on to blow. We reefed, and then we double-reefed, and then we snugged her down some more, and finally we was under close-reefed mains'l, and still it was a-blowin' harder and harder.

"'Fore mornin', we was hove to, and havin' all we could hold. I ought to say right here that Callahan was at the wheel nearly all night. About dawn, the old man says to me:

"'You go below and git some rest,' he says, 'and then come up and relieve me. The Lord of Wrath is abroad on the waters,' he says, 'and it's likely to blow like blazes for three days. We're short one man, and we got to take this reasonable. You go below till I call you.'

"Well, I went, but things was pretty wild, and a dead man aboard and all that, and I didn't much more than begin to git sleepy when I heard the old man a-yellin' down the companion.

"'Corn!' he yells. '*On deck! Quick!*'

"I jumps for the companion-way, but before I got my foot on it I found the *Trask* shoot up in the air like she'd been blown up by a volcano. As she went up she begun to turn over. I don't know how I got on deck, but just as I got there *smash* comes a wave on me, like a thousand tons of coal. I thought I'd be smashed through the deck.

"The next thing I knew there was me, cramped down under the rail, like I had been driven there by a steam ram, and tryin' to git my breath. And there was the old man, standin' by the forehatch, rubbin' his head, which was bleedin', and lookin' over the schooner like as if he'd never seen her before. It was almost day, and cold, and blowin' a full gale.

"The old man, he rubbed his head kind of slow and puzzled, and rubbed the blood all over his face. The schooner was down by the heel to begin with, and acted like she was half-full of water. Her foretop was down, half on deck and half overboard, and the riggin' all tangled up for'ard. She was swep' clean—skylight smashed, both boats gone, bulwarks smashed out, the riggin' all adrift, and the water was still three inches deep on her deck.

"The skipper comes over slow, holdin' on to everythin'. 'Are you hurt?' he says.

"'I guess I'm bad stove up,' I says. 'What hit us?'

"'I don't know,' he says. 'I never seen anythin' like it. It were a tidal wave, I s'pose. Can ye move your arms?'

"'I can a little,' I says, 'but it hurts bad. I thought I was a goner.'

"'Goner!' says the old man. 'We ain't much better. Callahan's gone, and the boy, too, I guess; and the cook, so far's I can see.'

"'Gone where?' I says.

"'Over the side,' he says. 'And she's swep' from end to end, and the boats is both gone. She's half full of water, and you're hurt! I never saw—say, did *you* see it a-comin'?'

"'No,' I says, 'I was below, ye know.'

"'Well, it was like a wave a mile high when I seen it first. It flung us half-way to the sky and then rolled us two—three times.'

"He got me out from under the rail and straightened me out. He hurt me so when he moved me that I begged him to lay me on deck where I wouldn't roll about, and leave me alone. He did, but first he played doctor and punched me over, strikin' a new, sore spot every time.

"'You're not so bad,' he says; 'there's only one rib broke so far's I can see.'

"He found a place for me to lie where I wouldn't roll overboard, and then he went to work on the schooner. He got her clear of the wreckage after a while, and just about then the wind fell off. In two hours it was just a nice, sailin' breeze and gettin' lighter overhead. By noon it was as pretty a day as ever I see. But there we was, just the skipper and me—and the dead man below, and we soon got rid of *him*—and me busted up, and the skipper's head broken.

"Well, I managed to steer by bein' propped up a bit, and the old man got some sail on her, and we headed up for Charleston light-ship. We jogged along, four knots, until dark, and we guessed we ought to make it by mornin'. But mornin' came and nothin' in sight.

"We was sailin' south-west by west half west, which, as you see by the chart, is the course after passin' Diamond Shoals. It's

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only a matter of two hundred miles, and after we had a hundred and eighty of them by dead-reckonin' we'd ought to made the land, to say nothin' of the light-ship, which is twenty miles out to sea. But we'd seen neither the one nor the other.

"So the old man, he tried to cast the lead, and a hard time he had of it, all alone. He got no bottom. That puzzled us, for we knew we ought to be well within the forty-fathom line.

"'How's her head?' says the old man.

"'Same as it has been for twenty-four hours,' I says; 'sou'-west,' half-west.

"'Keep her so,' says the skipper. 'That wave must ha' swep' us like the devil. We'll hit the land about Charleston if we keep a-goin'.'

"But we kep' a-goin' all day, and at night we hadn't sighted nothin' at all. The skipper heaved the lead, gettin' no bottom at sixty fathom.

"We was both pretty well knocked up, and hurt besides. I was at the wheel almost all the time, for twenty-four hours; the skipper workin' and pumpin' and gettin' what he could for us to eat. I don't know just how that night went by; fortunately it held fair weather and a light breeze.

"'By my reckonin',' said the old man, 'even allowin' for misjudgment of our rate of sailin' more'n we ought to allow, we ought to have the land ahead. That wave mus' a' swep' us amazin'.'

"The skipper comes over slow, holdin' on to everythin'. 'Are you hurt?' he says."

"'Are you sure of our position before it struck us? I says.

"'Sure?' he says. 'Sure? Have I been a-running up and down this here coast for goin' on twenty year, and not to be sure of my position in fair weather and only four days out?'

"'Well,' says I, 'you needn't be wild about it. Men has been out of their reckonin' before now.'

"'Yes,' he snaps back, 'I've heard so. I have heard of a man who went ashore on Cuttyhunk three hours out of New Bedford, but it wasn't me.'

"That made me wild, because the time he threw up at me it was a thick, snowy night, and any man might have done the same, and it was the only accident I ever had, anyway.

'All right,' I says; 'keepagoin'. But I know what I'd do.'

"'Well, what would you do?' he asks.

"'I'd take a sight,' I said, 'and make sure of our position.'

"'I was a-goin' to do it, anyway,' he says back.

"So he took a sight, and at noon he took another, and went down below to figure them out. Coasting skippers don't have very much work to do with longitude sights, you know, and I could see him workin' away down there, figgerin' and figgerin' and rubbin' out and tearin' up, and I judged he was havin' a pretty hard time.

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"Pretty soon he comes up, and I tell you he looked bad. 'Corn,' he says, 'give me the wheel, and you try to git down there and figure. I ain't fittin' to be a skipper no more.'

"'What's the matter?' I says.

"'I've figgered it one way, and I've figgered it another, and I make it always the same thing, but it's crazy. I make it *four-fourteen west* from Washin'ton,' he says; '*four-fourteen west*, and that's clean off the chart altogether, up inland, sixty miles from the coast, half way to Columbia, South Caroliny,' he says.

"Well, sir, *I* went down and figgered it one way and figgered it another, and *I* made our longitude four-fourteen west from Washin'ton. The puzzle of it was, that that agreed pretty close with our dead reckonin'. I come up on deck again and looked around. Nothin' in sight, sir, but dancin' waves.

"'Well,' says the old man, 'where do you make us at?'

"'Somewhere's about Williamsburg, South Caroliny,' I says. 'It's off the chart altogether.'

"'Well,' he says, 'we'll keep on. There ain't nothin' else for us to do. We are bound to hit the coast of the United States some time if we sail far enough. But to think of me, runnin' up an' down this coast for nigh twenty year, and gittin' lost at last like a duck-panted, cigarette-smokin' yachtsman!' he says.

"The wind held true all day, and the old man stuck to his course pretty fast, although I think he brought her round west half a point, just because of uncertainty.

"I lay on the deck, achin' pretty bad, and the old man, he was in a bad way, with the work and the worry and the crack on the head he had. He stuck to the wheel pretty much all day, and rubbin' his head and talkin' to himself and quotin' scriptural passages. His eyes were gettin' dim, and I knowed neither of us could hold on much longer without rest and sleep.

"All of a sudden the old man began to yell like billy-oh. I looked, and he was dancin' about, holdin' the wheel with one hand and wavin' the other like a crazy man.

"'Corn!' he yells, 'Corn! Revelations!'

"'Eh? eh?' I says, lookin' round.

"'The Bible,' he says. 'Listen, it says:

"'"And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air, and there came a great voice out of the air, saying: 'It is done.' And there were voices and thunders and lightnings, and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth; so mighty an earthquake and so great."

"'Corn,' he says, gettin' solemner and solemner every minute, but his eyes were blazin' like two green lights, 'yes' he says, 'the world's come to an end. It's another deluge, Corn, that's what it is. The world for its wickedness and backslidin' hath been destroyed,' he says. 'I wouldn't wonder if we was the only ones left.'

"I couldn't say anythin' at all. But I didn't believe it—not hardly. But at the same time we was undoubtedly lost, and the position by sights agreed with our position by dead reckonin', and both put us way in where there ought to be solid land, so I didn't just know what to think.

"'Corn,' he says, speakin' very low and grave, 'it is likely that on me and you there rests the greatest and most solemn duty that has been put on any human bein' since the time of Noah.'

"'What's that?' I says.

"'We have been saved for an awful purpose,' says he. 'Like Noah, we have in our hands the salvation of the human race; a better race must spring from us,' says he.

"'W'atcher gittin' at?' I asks him.

"'Corn, it is our solemn duty to repopulate the yerth,' he says. 'As unto Noah of old, it is said to us, "Go forth, be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the yerth."'

"I started to laugh, but it hurt too bad, and his eyes were too solemn and fierce.

"'You old maniac!' I says, 'repopulate the earth? What—me and you?'

"'Yes,' he says, takin' on his religious tone. 'Even so. You and me; and the women that will be provided.'

"'And where's Ararat?' I says.

"'We'll find it,' he answers. 'Corn, listen to me and stop grinnin' that way. Them sights *was* right. Four-fourteen west longitude from Washin'ton was right. *The land's sunk*, and the mountains have fled away. This here's *South Caroliny*,' he says, stampin' on deck. 'There ain't no United States, there ain't.'

"Well, we kept on all day and all the next night. I got some sleep, but not much. The old man he didn't seem to need any.

"Well, about eight o'clock the next mornin' I was lookin' out ahead, I seen the loom of land.

"'Land, oh!' I yells. 'Here's Ararat, cap'n.'

"'Where, where?' he says, all excited.

"'Right ahead,' I says, 'bout ten mile off, I should say.'

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"We kept gainin' on the land all mornin', although the wind was dyin' out fast and there seemed to be some swift currents. When we got down to it, by George! it was strange land, sure enough! It was a little green, palm-grown island, set in the water like a little gem, and risin' out of it quite precipitous. It was no land I'd ever seen, nor had the cap'n.

"'Can you see any people?' he says to me.

"I got the glass and took a long look. 'I believe I can,' I said.

"'They are the women who are provided,' he says. 'Take the wheel.' And what do you think the crazy old chap did? He went down and put on his very best clothes and his silk hat; he did. He come up all spruced up, and smilin'.

"The wind kept failin' and failin', and by five o'clock we hadn't more than got the islet down to three miles. It was a pretty place and quite new to me. But I seen away off another islet like it, and, just as we tacked for an anchorage about six, the loom of more further to the south-east. I began to have an idea. The old man was steerin'.

"'How's her head, cap'n?' I sings out.

"He glanced down at the binnacle, mechanical like. We had just tacked, you know.

"'Nor' by west,' he says, and then we both jumped together. I see him lookin' round, startled like. *We was pointin' right at the settin' sun*, that is, a little south of west. And there was that fool compass pointin' almost at right angles with that course.

"'North by west, eh?' said I. 'Then the earthquake has moved the sun around, cap'n.'

"He seen it near as soon as I did, but it didn't bother him much.

"'The foundations of the yerth are broken up, Corn, and we're sailin' along in Kingdom Come. What's a compass variation to count? Come, take the wheel while I get the lead out. We'll call this island Ararat, Corn, and spend our declinin' day in refreshin' body and soul.'

"I come along, puzzling, but, before I took the wheel, I took another look with the glass.

"'Cap'n,' I said, 'the duty is not to be ours alone. There's men on Ararat,' I says.

"'No!' he yells, and jumps to take the glass.

"'They're men, all right,' says I, 'and, unless I'm greatly mistaken, they're comin' to us.'

"And, sure enough, there comes a little sail-boat, skimming along as sweet and world-like as you please, and in her was a

"As they came alongside, the old man came from up the companion-way, with a revolver in each hand.

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couple of niggers. As they came alongside, the old man came up from the companion-way, with a revolver in each hand.

"'The heathen shall be exterminated from the face of the yerth,' he yells. 'Am I not called and chosen?' I couldn't do nothin', bein' weak, and hurt, and a broken rib. He'd have gunned those niggers as sure as you're alive, if they hadn't called out—natural-like, in English—if we wanted fruit and water. It was such a natural, every-day question for a boat alongside, that it kind of steadied the old man a minute, and he says:

"'What land is that?'

"'Troca Kee, sah,' says one of the niggers, like as if he was surprised.

"'Troca Kee! What's Troca Kee?'

"'It's Trochea Cay in the Antilles, cap'n,' I said, the whole thing comin' on me. 'Our compass is near four points out.'

"Well, in all my life I've never seen a man take on as he did. First he wouldn't believe it, then, after we had studied the chart a while, and he began to get at the truth, he sort of collected himself, and of all the cussin' ever done since Ararat was fust sighted by the original Noah, I guess his beat it. He was plumb crazy, but his disappointment and madness kind of woke him out of his dream.

"The niggers showed us an anchorage, and we slept for a day and a half, and ate for another day, and then slept some more. Then we began to get better, and we investigated. We found a big cast-iron nut in the binnacle, that slewed the compass needle near four points off the truth. It was stuck in the right place with a piece of gum, and you could see where the feller who put it there had tried and tried until he found the exact adjustment he wanted. So when we thought we had her headed south-west one-half west, we was really headed a little east of due south, runnin' over the trackless ocean, straight for the Antilles.

"We suspicioned that either the sextant or the chronometer had been tampered with by the same feller, so that we'd get sights that would agree with our dead reckonin' after a fashion. Course we'd have found somethin' wrong after a while, but it might have kept us wonderin' and guessin' for a few days, which was all the feller was after. He didn't have no reason to expect that the old man would have took the view of things he did and consider that he had a call to glory.

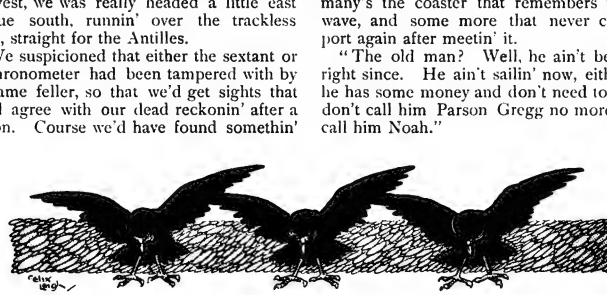
"But while we knew that it must have been Callahan who had done the funny business with the compass and sextant, we couldn't understand *why* he took the trouble. One day I happened to go down into the fok'sl, and I found the bag that the big feller had carried. I remembered then that he carried it ashore empty and brought it back heavy. So I opened it, and, holy Moses, the money there was in it! It was simply stuffed with notes, only some of 'em, in fact most, were not notes at all, but those lovely yellow gold certificates for hundreds and five hundreds, and when I see one package that was all thousand-pound bills, I sure thought I'd been takin' somethin'.

"I told the cap'n, but he didn't seem to care much. He said: 'Them fellers robbed somebody in New London that night; we'll have to give it back.'

"So then I see it all. They was traced to the *Trask* all right, and they knew they'd get pinched the minute we got to Charleston. The copper meeting them in the street after they'd done the trick, and follerin' them until they went aboard, gave 'em no chance to jump us. They *had* to go with us, but also they *had* to do somethin' to keep away from Charleston.

"They might ha' saved themselves most of their trouble, because if we had gone straight to Charleston it would have been a question if they'd have been touched. Things were pretty well stirred up there by the earthquake, and the police had their hands full ashore. You remember the Charleston earthquake in '88? That was the time, and many's the coaster that remembers the big wave, and some more that never come to port again after meetin' it.

"The old man? Well, he ain't been just right since. He ain't sailin' now, either, but he has some money and don't need to. They don't call him Parson Gregg no more; they call him Noah."



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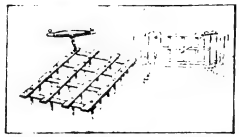
7th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

When the Competition Closes.

The final set of pictures will be published in the April *Royal*. The last day for receiving sets of pictures will be about six weeks after the final set has appeared.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.

INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

Competitors should please note the addition to condition No. 6. The addition is printed in italics.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

Another set of pictures will appear in the December number of the *Royal*.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters *made up of the names (or their phonetic equivalents) of the object or objects* depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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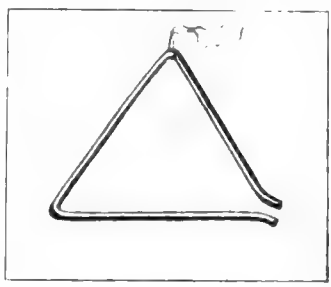

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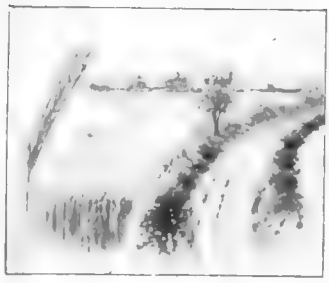

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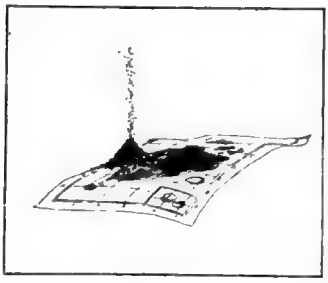

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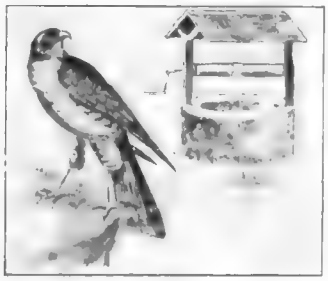

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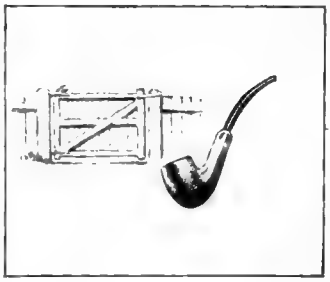

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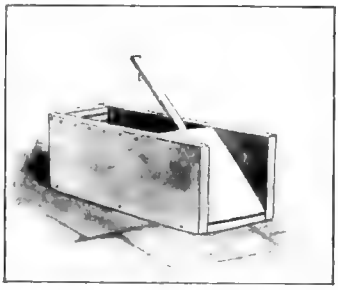

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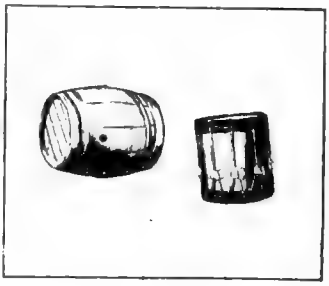

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Name . . . . . *Address* . . . . . .

Keep all your sets of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

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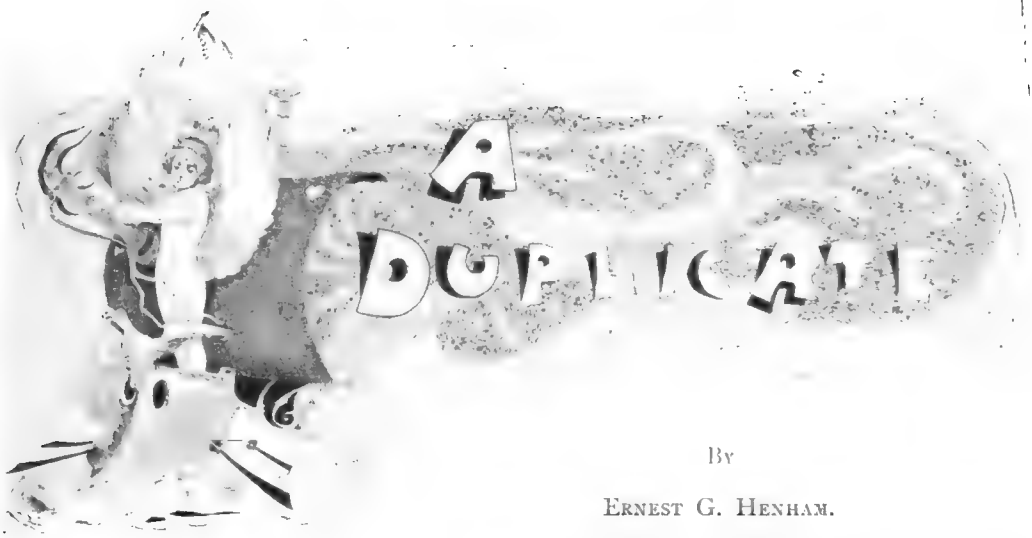

By

Ernest G. Henham.

I.

"Oh, I say! I'm trespassing, aren't I?" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, you are," said the boy.

Reggie Hope, aged nineteen, had been engaged in spreading his fishing tackle to dry upon the lower lawn, where it would probably entangle the feet of Mr. Hope, senior, later on, when he had heard movements across the grass, and, without turning, had shouted: "Keep away, you silly old fool. You'll only get hooks in your feet."

"I'm not a silly old fool," a charming voice had returned. "And might I have some water to fill my kettle please?"

Reggie jumped, as though he had been hooked himself, and saw the following instant, in the place of his dog, who had probably gone down the garden to worry out a water-rat, the most lovely girl he could have ever imagined. This girl was wearing a white frock and a pale yellow sash, tiny brown shoes, and a big straw hat trimmed with scarlet poppies, and pushed sideways over a mass of dark hair, which tumbled distractedly about her shoulders.

Her small face was faultless, and mischievous; her age might have been seventeen. Her bare right hand held a pink sunshade, and her left, which was gloved, sustained a black and presumably empty kettle. Such was the vision of beauty which came startlingly before Reggie's vision, to deprive him temporarily, and for the first time upon record, of the use of his tongue, until the young lady had ventured the suggestion that she was trespassing.

"You see we're having a picnic, and of course we can't use the river water," the girl went on happily. "So I tossed up with Kitty, my cousin, to see who should go up to the house and ask for water. And I lost. Then you called me a silly old fool."

"I didn't," said Reggie. "I thought it was my dog."

"He's down by the river," said the girl. "He's been barking at us like anything, and so I brought my sunshade to keep him off."

"That thing wouldn't be any good," said Reggie, with utmost disdain. "You should see him kill rats!"

The girl might justly have taken offence to this remark, but she preferred to remember her mission. Reggie gallantly took the kettle from her, and brought it back from the kitchen filled with boiling water.

"You had better let me carry it for you," he said diplomatically. "It's rather heavy."

"I say," went on the girl, as they entered a hazel copse, "are there any nuts?"

"They're not ripe yet," said Reggie. "If you come here again in September—"

The young lady tossed her pretty head, and changed the subject.

"We're having our picnic out in that meadow," she said, pointing with the sunshade. "Father thought perhaps we ought to ask leave, but we girls said it was all right."

"You're trespassing," said Reggie airily.

"But there's no board up," protested the girl.

"Look!" exclaimed Reggie tragically. "There goes Ledger, our gardener. He's going to tell your people they're on private

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grounds, and then he'll turn 'em off. His orders, you know."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried the beauty sadly. "And we've got everything out. Father will send up his card. We're the Forsters, and we're stopping at Weybourne."

Reggie heard no more. He had deposited the steaming kettle among some foxgloves, and had gone off in chase of the gardener. Presently he returned, and reclaimed the kettle from the young lady's hands. "It's all right," he said cheerily. "I told Ledger you had leave."

The girl laughed. "I'm afraid that was a——"

"It wasn't," interrupted Reggie. "Father's not here, and I'm master in his absence."

"Well," said the girl prettily. "Mother's not here either, and I'm mistress in her absence. Would you like to come to our picnic?"

"You see we're having a picnic, and of course we can't use the river water," the girl went on.

II.

A few days before the end of the year four men were playing cards in the well-warmed dispatch-room of the Hudson Bay station of Fort of Good Hope, some twenty miles south of the Arctic Circle as the swan flies, the players being the Factor-in-charge, Corporal Burrough, a half-breed missionary, and Mr. Reginald Hope, a good deal changed since last we saw him, older, more manly. They threw down their cards at last, weary of the monotony. Here day and night were alike, because there was neither sun nor moon, only a perpetual darkness relieved by the shuddering light of a smoky dark-blue aurora.

"Say, Hope," exclaimed the Factor, when the young man had risen to go. "I got some mail for ye. Here y'are." He pulled a letter from a buckskin bag and handed it over.

"However did it come?" demanded Reggie.

"The packers brought some mail by dog-train along the Mackenzie. From your gal?" he suggested, and the others laughed.

"I guess not," said Reggie, glancing at the address and recognising the writing of Simpson, his friend of former Oxford days. Then he went out with Corporal Burrough, and they walked together over the flashing snow and the blue ridges of ice until a half-hidden shanty appeared among the thin spruce, where a heavy canopy of smoke was hanging like a thick mass of wool.

An Indian, who kept the box-stove red-hot during his master's absence, retired to his own place when the two men, for Burrough had accepted an invitation to "chew the rag for a while," entered, and sat, one on either side of the glowing stove, for a smoke and a talk. The Corporal was the son of a small London tradesman, but any social differences existing between himself and Squire Hope's son were in the lone land swept aside. It was only natural that the men should drift in their conversation towards the past and all that might

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have been, and after a time Reggie found that he was making the Corporal his confidant.

He had mentioned his meeting with Kitty Forster upon the riverside lawn, and when Burrough grunted sympathetically, because he had once owned a little girl in London, Reggie went on to describe the second meeting, at a garden party, where he had picked a piece of heliotrope to present to his goddess, but the girl had refused the flower because it "didn't suit her."

Burrough smiled openly. "They say that if a girl accepts just whatever you like to offer her she don't care much about you. But say! You two were only a pair of kids anyhow."

"Yes, she was sixteen then, but now she will be twenty-one, and I'm getting on for twenty-five. Our third meeting was—clandestine. I rowed down to Weybourne by moonlight, and met her under the willows near the house where they were staying."

The Corporal bent his head, and examined the bowl of his pipe. "Well, I can't talk," he said thoughtfully.

"By Jove, Burrough! I shall never forget that. The moonlight coming through the willows, the river murmuring below, the glow-worms lighting the lawns, and the beetles droning past."

"I notice you don't mention the best," said the Corporal slyly.

"Well," said Reggie hesitatingly. "Well, I did kiss her that evening."

"Ah!" said the Corporal deeply. "There's nothing half so good in life. What did she say to you?"

"She said at first she should like to have me for a brother, because she hadn't one. Then I went on to point out to her that if I were her brother——" Reggie stopped abruptly, and pulled his fur coat around him because the cold was coming in. "And at last she agreed with me," he added.

"I know," muttered Burrough mysteriously. "You don't mean it all at the time may be, but that sort of thing breaks out later, especially when you're shoved outside the world, and placed where you never see a civilised woman. When did you see her again?"

"I haven't set eyes on her from that evening. I made a fool of myself the next term. I joined in a big row, because the dons refused about half the college leave to attend a certain social function. We burnt the furniture in quad, and threw ink over the stonework, and defied everybody, and painted the place red generally. Well, I was sent down among others, and the guv'nor was very mad, and sentenced me to five years penal servitude. In other words, he sent me out here to knock about and learn sense, allowing me just about enough to keep me from starvation. The old man was a bit hard I fancy, but the punishment has done me good, and it came at a time when I guess it was rather wanted."

"Well," said Burrough cheerfully, and not without some envy, "your time's nearly up, old man."

"Next summer I shall be out—on ticket-of-leave," said Reggie, waking up.

The Corporal had been some time gone before Reggie remembered Simpson's letter. As he pulled open the envelope he thought of all the sport and pleasure that he and Simpson had been through together, the cricket matches they had won, the steeplechases they had ridden, the riotous wines they had given in college. He smiled at these and other recollections as he spread open the sheet. "Funny thing about it," he remarked to himself, "Old Frank and I had always the same tastes. I remember how he used to say in chaff that we should finish up by falling in love with the same girl and becoming mortal enemies."

He put down the letter suddenly. With the extraordinary selfishness of the lover the idea that someone else might carry off Kitty during his exile had never before occurred to him, probably because it was the very one thing which was most likely to happen.

Presently he read the letter, which seemed to bring his old friend out of distant England into the shanty near the Arctic Circle. It had been written during the early summer, and had taken six months to reach him. Like so many letters, the explanation of its tone—it was overflowing with health and happiness—was contained in the postcript.

"By the way, I wonder if you ever met the Forsters when you were at home. They come to stop at Weybourne every summer. Your good old governor asked me down last year, and I'm going again next week, to Weybourne itself this time. I am having the time of my life, old man."

III.

The ticket-of-leave man, who had been travelling since February, due south and then east, and who, of course, had not been able to hear any further news from home, reached Windsor Street Station, Montreal, from the West, upon a Saturday evening in June. Having dined at the great hotel in Dominion

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Square, he was driven in a hack to the foot of Jacques Cartier Square, where he boarded the liner which was to take him home. Tired by his long overland journey, he went at once to his cabin, turned in, and slept until the steward called him for his bath, and by that time the great steamer was well away down the St. Lawrence.

When the second bugle sounded for breakfast, Reggie went into the saloon, and, having taken the place appointed for him, scanned the list of cabin passengers. His eye lingered over the last name of all. "I wonder if that's Windham of Oriel," he thought. "The initials are the same."

He glanced over the tables, and very soon saw a face he recognised, the owner of which was staring pointedly at him. Reggie signalled, and Windham nodded back vigorously, and then came round to shake hands. After breakfast the two men went up to the promenade deck, and Reggie put the all-important question at once.

"By the way, Windham, have you heard anything of Simpson?"

"Why, rather! Haven't you? Of course you know he's married?"

There was something in Reggie's throat which refused to be swallowed. "I did not know," he said, with painful distinctness.

"What have you been doing with yourself!" exclaimed his companion. "I made certain that you were his best man. He married an awfully pretty girl just after the New Year. Forget the name—Forest or Forester, or something of the sort. Why, he discovered her near your place! Your guv'nor asked him down for some fishing, and she was staying at a village just by."

Reggie groaned. That his own father should have dealt him this additional blow.

"I was out in the States," Windham rattled on cheerily. "My sister wrote and told me. Simpson has an appointment in India, and he and his bride started for the East directly after the wedding. What do you say to a game of shuffleboard? There are two jolly little girls over there."

"No thanks, old man," said Reggie faintly.

"What! Not getting squeamish? We shan't get out into the Atlantic before Monday night."

"It's not *mal-de-mer*," said the sufferer from love-sickness. "See you later."

Windham trotted off to the port side, where several of the passengers had assembled to watch the panorama of Three Rivers, while Reggie went down to the saloon and sulked miserably.

IV.

Mrs. Hope was "At Home" for tennis, tea, and a little gossip every Monday during the summer. It so happened that the wandering son reached home upon one of her particularly fine afternoons when the beautiful garden was well filled with guests, whom the good lady deserted in order that she might embrace her boy in private. . . .

That stern parent, Mr. Hope, had already been pleased to note a decided improvement, but the less practical mother only realised the joyful fact that her strong, handsome boy was home again. And yet she understood at once that he was not genuinely happy. Not even the delight of being home again could reconcile Reggie to the loss of what he believed he might have gained had it not been for the five years of inforced absence.

However, he changed his travelling things, put on his best front and his flannels, and the satisfied squire presently escorted his heir into the old familiar garden running down to the river that he might present him to his guests.

The returned wanderer freed himself at length, but hardly had he commenced to look about him when he began to feel very strange indeed, and he had no difficulty in defining this feeling as arising from the one haunting recollection of his life. The awakening of this beautiful remembrance was undoubtedly caused by the sight of a very pretty girl who was just then engaged in playing tennis. This girl was dressed in pale yellow, and wore a bunch of scarlet poppies at her waist. She had taken off her hat, and the sun revelled about her dark hair. Suddenly Reggie felt his heart thumping furiously.

An elderly lady, who most distinctly recalled a certain picnic of six summers ago, was seated upon a cane chair, a pretty hat lying upon her lap. When the graceful tennis-player looked round, this old lady indicated the hat, but the girl shook her head.

"You had better, Kitty, dear. The sun is so hot."

The wilful young lady shook her head again, and began to serve.

Reggie felt dazed. He went and poured himself out some claret-cup. Of course there was some silly mistake somewhere; the tennis-player was Mrs. Simpson; Windham must have been misinformed about their having gone to India. He looked about for his former chum of college days, but Simpson was not to be seen. Probably he had gone down to the river to have a fling for a trout, and would appear so soon as the

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news reached him that his friend had come home. Reggie felt that it would be very hard to give him the old cordial welcome. Then he turned again towards the tennis court, and immediately became aware that Kitty was glancing at him shyly. He took off his straw hat clumsily, and she flushed, and missed an easy return in consequence. "Why ever can't she leave me alone?" he muttered angrily.

"Isn't she a sweet-looking girl?" he heard a kindly matron, her eyes fixed upon the tennis-player he was interested in, observe to her companion, the rector of the parish. "I wonder why she refused Mr. Stanton."

Reggie did not wait to hear the Rector's reply, because the set was over and Kitty went for her hat. She stepped aside under an acacia to put it on, and Reggie walked up boldly, his heart yearning after his lost sweetheart. "So you remember me after all these years?" he said as lightly as he could, but he could not bring himself to add, "Mrs. Simpson."

"Do you think my memory is failing already?" said the girl brightly, giving him her warm little hand. "We have been at Weybourne every summer since——" She stopped suddenly, finding herself already in difficulties.

"Since that moonlight night when I rowed down and met you under the willows," he added defiantly.

She flushed from her neck to her hair. "Yes," she said very softly.

Poor Reggie felt desperate. "We were only youngsters I know, but I thought that you meant it." He dropped his voice. "I meant it."

The girl looked up and m his glance wonderingly. "I don't understand you, Mr. Hope," she said quickly. "You seem to be accusing me, and I don't quite know that I have done anything to deserve it."

"I beg your pardon," said Reggie stiffly. "You are right. I have no business to remind you of those days. But where's Frank?"

Kitty's eyes grew large with wonder. "Frank!" she exclaimed. Then she smiled, because she began to understand. "Do you mean Mr. Simpson?"

"Yes," said Reggie, beginning to feel awkward again.

"Well, he is at Simla," she went on, her head to one side saucily.

The old flower garden seemed to wave up and down before Reggie's eyes. At last he managed to exclaim: "He's left you here!"

"Mr. Hope!" Kitty almost screamed. Then she added very prettily: "Please do you know who I am?"

"Aren't you Mrs. Simpson?" Reggie gasped.

"Oh, no!" said the girl sweetly. "I'm only Kitty Forster—if you don't mind."

"Mother!" exclaimed Reggie, three minutes later, taking the happy old lady aside, "I want you to make the Forsters stop to dinner."

"Auntie," whispered Kitty to the old lady who had nursed her pretty hat, "if Mrs. Hope should by any chance ask us to stop to dinner you must accept. For my sake, auntie—please."

"By the way, Windham, have you heard anything of Simpson?"

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V.

The warm night began steal over the old garden, but the boat which had brought the Forsters upstream from Weybourne was still along the landing-stage, where the water-rats gnawed the rushes, and the fish splashed after the gnats. It grew darker; the moths and beetles came out; an owl flapped across the river, and a peewit screamed once as it dropped to rest. Just as the moon began to rise a young couple advanced slowly across the lower lawn.

The girl in the pale yellow dress with the bunch of fading poppies at her waist, and the ticket-of-leave man, who was happy enough to feel as though he were walking upon air. The points of a couple of cigars glowed upon the upper lawn indicating the site where the old gentlemen were chatting.

At last the two were alone together. Kitty began to talk about Canada, but her escort had no idea of dwelling upon that subject. "Do you know that this is only the fourth time we have met?" he said, as they came towards the river. "That picnic was the first, then the garden-party, and—then at Weybourne." It was the clandestine meeting under the willows that he referred to, and Kitty drooped her head.

"Do you include the picnic?" she said. "I had an idea that you never even noticed me there."

Reggie started and looked at her curiously. "Surely you remember coming upon me on this very lawn, when I was putting out my fishing tackle to dry?" he said reproachfully. "Don't you remember my filling the kettle for you, and how I told old Ledger that you had permission to picnic?"

The girl was laughing, if he could only have seen her face. "I did hear all about it," she said deliberately.

As she spoke they entered the hazel copse. "Do you remember asking me, when we came through here, if there were any nuts?" he tried again, almost doubting her sincerity.

"No, I don't," said Kitty decidedly. "And I don't remember meeting you at that garden party either."

"Nor that piece of heliotrope you refused to accept?"

"I was not at that garden party at all," said the girl demurely.

Reggie half stopped, then walked on again beside her, trying not to show his anger and disappointment. So the girl was a mere flirt, and she was enjoying some game of her own at his expense. And this was the girl whom he had enshrined within his heart during the past five years, and whom he had wasted his love upon!

"You can explain one thing anyhow," he said coldly. "How was it that I heard you had married Simpson?"

"Oh, don't you see what a mistake you have been making all the time?" broke in Kitty pityingly. "You could not have done so had you only known a little more about us, but you never met us all together, except at that picnic, when you completely ignored *me*. Then you went away and buried yourself in that lonely country, or, of course, you would have known that Mr. Simpson married Jim."

"Jim!" exclaimed Reggie.

"Yes, my cousin.

Again Reggie made himself the echo of her words.

"My cousin, who came to you with the kettle, and who walked through this copse with you. My cousin, who met you at the garden party, and who refused to take your flower. Haven't you noticed that I call the Forsters uncle and aunt?"

Reggie stopped outright. Then this was not the girl he had fallen in love with. He had no right to be in love with her, and yet—he was! "But you are Kitty Forster," he stammered.

"And Mrs. Simpson was Kitty Forster. We are the daughters of two brothers, who, by a coincidence, happened to name us alike. I have been an orphan for years, and have lived since I can remember anything with uncle and aunt. They always called Mrs. Simpson 'Jim,' as you may remember, to distinguish us."

They had reached the landing-stage, and the river gleamed before them. "Shall we sit in the boat?" Reggie suggested. "I want to think," he added involuntarily.

They entered the boat, and, after a short interval of silence, Kitty spoke. "I am sorry if you are disappointed," she said softly. "But now that Jim is married I am free to tell you that she never cared much about you."

Reggie turned upon her. "Did she ever tell you that she met me one night by moonlight under the willows, and that she kissed me?"

The girl beside him blushed painfully. "She never told me that."

Reggie went on: "And I told her that I loved her, and she said—"

"Oh, Mr. Hope!" Kitty's little hand was upon his arm. "That girl was not flirting

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with you, but you are wrong—wrong—wrong again."

"How can I be?"

"Must I remind you again that there were two Kitty Forsters?"

The lazy lap of water sounded sleepily under the boat. Then the moon started out strongly, and bathed the sweet flushed face of the girl, and Reggie recognised clearly all the beauty which had been in his dreams, and the image he had set up to worship in his heart.

"It was you who met me under the willows of Weybourne?" he said, bending over, and capturing her hand.

"Didn't you know?" said Kitty very softly.

"And it was you who promised to love me always?"

In a very small voice: "Perhaps it was."

"Oh, Kitty!"

They understood each other very well before the old people came to be rowed home. 'Jim' had confessedly been flirting with Reggie, and Kitty, who was of the same age as her cousin, and curiously like her in appearance, had quarrelled with her in consequence. Her cousin had told her that 'the stupid boy' had exacted from her a promise to meet him under the willows at the foot of the garden, but that she had no intention of keeping the assignation. Kitty at once made up her mind to take her cousin's place. The two girls always dressed exactly alike, and in the semi-darkness Reggie, who had hardly noticed the other Kitty at the eventful picnic, had been delightfully deceived.

"Are you very disappointed at having lost Jim?" whispered the sweet girl who had been so faithful to her early promise. She was near to him and he did not move when he kissed her fondly and answered back—

"Very—darling."

I RAISED the veil . . . . I do confess
My fingers shook, my cheek was pale,
As in yon wintry wood's recess
I raised the veil.

A bitter wind made ghostly wail,
Trees groaned and sighed in dire distress;
I trembled, but I did not quail,—

For, having caught a whispered "yes"
Amid the bluster of the gale,
I found we could not kiss unless
I raised the veil.

J. J. BELL.

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FREAKS IN FERNS

A freak-fern workshop in Far Japan, where the quaint animal and bird "skeletons" are made.

The "skeleton" of a monkey in a sailing boat, composed of moss and a tough, stringy root ca led davallia. In the spring, the fern roots, which are inside the "skeleton," send out green fronds and clothe boat and beast with lovely verdure.

By H. J. Holmes.

Whenever we see some novel ornament, quaint, curious, and yet picturesque, we at once say, "That was made in Japan!"

We Britons can appreciate the lightness and delicacy of the Japanese taste and workmanship, and we show that appreciation by lending financial support to our friends in the East, and buying their strange knick-knacks and oddities. They give an air of lightness and brightness to our homes that the homes of our respected great-grandmothers knew not.

And Japan is continually bringing out something fresh. That enterprising and rising country never knows where novelty ends. She is always pushing along something which her keen business instincts tell her will "fetch" the prosaic English person every time. If England doesn't become a really artistic nation within the next five centuries, it will not be the fault of her ally of the Eastern seas.

An artistic people will make artistic anything they touch. And the Japanese have recently entered the British market with as quaint a novelty as ever they exported to this country. With the aid of a beautiful dwarf feathery fern—which grows in abundance over yonder—some spagnam moss, and several miles of davallia root, they produce hundreds of extraordinary designs, graceful as in the case of balls and ships; grotesque in the

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extreme so far as bird and animal caricature is concerned.

It is only about three years ago that the first of these Japanese freaks made its appearance in England. Now they have caught on to such a remarkable extent that, although hundreds of thousands were imported to meet the demand of the British buying public, there were several firms who were sold out so early in the season that they lost a lot of money in neglecting to lay in a sufficient stock.

Messrs. Carters, the well-known seedsmen—to whom, by the way, we are indebted for several of the photographs included in the accompanying illustrations—were the first to give a fillip to the trade in fern freaks. One of their representatives, travelling in Japan, saw and brought home a specimen, which was then regarded in this country as a great curiosity. Carters' saw possibilities in that strange little lump of "condensed" fern.

Inquiries were made. Naturally the go-ahead Japs were nothing loth to supply any demand that might be made. An order was given, and duly delivered. There was a rush by the public. The result is that a prominent Japanese florist and gardener named Saito, of Yokohama, has given over a good part of his time and attention to the production of the ferny curiosities which are now to be seen in the rooms and halls of thousands of British homes.

The "skeleton" of a monkey on a swing—at present quaint but not very ornamental.

The monkey's appearance improves when the fern-fronds begin to shoot out through his skin—

—and when he is clothed in them from head to foot he at once becomes a most elegant object, good enough for the decoration of any room.

Mr. Saito is the designer of most of the extraordinary-looking creatures which are so much favoured by the public.

In his great garden near Yokohama he may be seen during the fern freak season superintending the busy efforts of his girl-helpers, whose quick and ready fingers have grown into the expert handling of the various components which go to make up a complete fern ball or figure.

As I have previously mentioned, the ferns used in the formation of the hanging designs are of the more dwarfy and feathery description. These are gathered when the roots are in their dry condition, and carefully packed in spagnam moss, which is chosen for its moisture-retaining properties.

The fern roots, having been worked into the desired shape—it may be that of a ball

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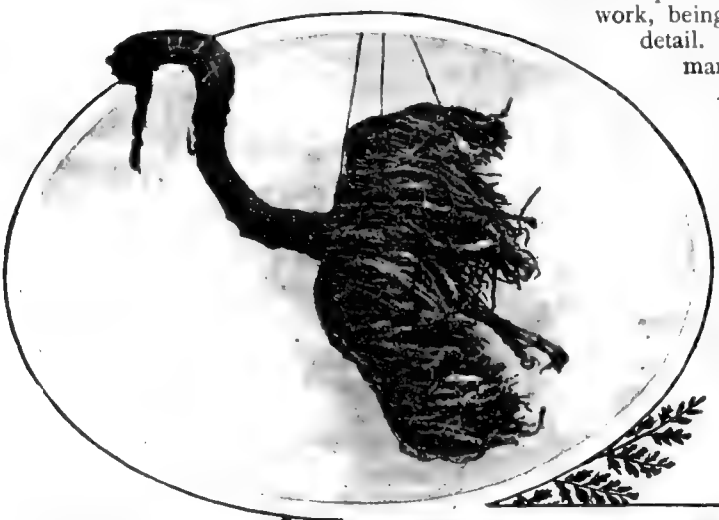
not much larger than an orange, or, for that matter, a full-sized elephant—with the aid of lengths of very pliant wire, the girl takes a long string of davallia root and knits together a sort of soft envelope, but not so closely as to prevent the ready outward growth of the fern, which, under proper treatment, pushes its leaves between the loosely-knitted cover of davallia root until the ball, or the figure, becomes covered with beautiful fine sprays of fern, the effect being both artistic and curious.



A quaint bird—probably meant for a swan—before it is fledged—

—And after—when it has a glorious abundance of feathers in the shape of fern-fronds.

It is astonishing how quickly the pretty Japanese maids manipulate the various materials used in the construction of the designs, many of which are exceedingly difficult. Take, for instance, the forming of a miniature sailing-boat, with mast and sail complete. The fern roots have first to be arranged in the required shape, and in such a way that sprays will eventually appear from every portion of the hull, the mast, and the sail-frame.

There is no limit to the ambition and resource of the "fern freak" designer. Mr. Saito will tackle the formation of a nearly life-size elephant or horse as calmly as he does the common or garden fern ball which is intended to hang from the ceiling of room or conservatory.

We are enabled to reproduce photographs of an actually full-sized horse and an elephant several feet in height, which have been offered for sale to the British public. The horse is quite a masterpiece of ingenious work, being singularly complete in detail. Observe the head, the eyes, mane and tail, and the hoofs. All this detail represents many days' work, and one can easily imagine the quantity of fern roots, moss, and devallia root consumed in the construction of the equine curiosity. Miles and miles of the stringy substance for the outer "jacket" were used! It will be noticed that the horse has not yet begun to sprout, but by the time these lines appear in print he will be covered with a verdant coat of soft, feathery fern leaves.

Monkeys and toads are far and away the most favoured by the purchasing public. Some very comical effects may be secured in the bending or twisting of the limbs of these imitations.

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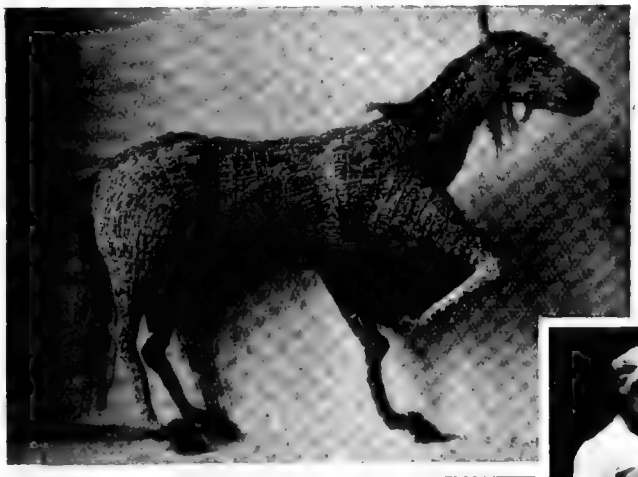

A giant fern-freak—a full-sized horse complete in every detail of mane, tail, hoofs, and eyes.

A fern-freak monkey on a trapeze is a delight to the younger generation as well as a quaint addition to decorative art. A toad, lying on a table or hanging on to the back of a chair, will, although somewhat creepy when seen unexpectedly, look very well as soon as the bright green of the young fern leaves sprout through his stringy skin.

When being packed for export from Japan to England the ferns are in their dry state, and remain so during their transportation to this country. On arrival in England, the bundles are opened and examined. The figures which have suffered in the packing process are duly straightened out by girls trained for the work.

The cultivation of the root, once in the private purchaser's possession, requires no special care. Before being hung up, the ball or figure is soaked for an hour or two in soft water if possible. It should be taken down and watered two or three times a week, in the same way as any other plant, and should always be kept moist.

In due time the fern roots will throw out a mass of dainty fronds through the outer covering. They will turn yellow in autumn and drop off.

The fern should be kept quite dry during the winter months. The following spring fresh fronds, in greater luxuriance than ever, will come in due course after watering.

The fern-freaks are often found to have suffered from the long voyage; they are doctored by the deft hands of skilled workers.

An elephant—not full-sized, but standing about five feet in height—with the ferns just sprouting through his skin.

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The Black Hollyhock

By

Stanley Waterloo.

In the Stanton Bank John P the bank cashier, was decidedly a personage, and, as his clerks would tell you, something of a terror. It was at his home that Peyton literally flowered out and showed the quality of person existing beneath the business crust. About the brown cottage, in front of it, and lining and leaning against the picket fence, were companies and platoons of poppies, sunflowers, dahlias, hollyhocks, balsams, and phlox. Old-fashioned these and of a certain military cast.

Some of the townspeople thought Peyton's garden "a little too showy," but his neighbour of the white cottage was not in accord with the passing critics. There were no two sides to Miss Marcia Newell. She was like some fair fruit which has ripened equally all round in the sun of perpetual prosperity and the tempered shade of healthful occupation. She was a loving and most lovable spinster.

Miss Newell, with a legacy, had bought the white cottage on the hill when it was new, and a year or two afterwards she had settled herself in her home and made friends with all outdoors. John Peyton had purchased and taken up his residence in the brown cottage adjoining on the right.

They became acquainted rapidly, and on the side of Peyton, at least, the acquaintance deepened into a degree of interest. He, who had cared little for women, soon became a close friend of one with whom it was worth while to talk; one as bright as she was gentle. She grew upon him mightily, and before he comprehended it had opened up to him a world unknown.

He fell in love.

There was much horticultural conversation over the low barrier, and at last John, unopposed, had a little gate put in the dividing fence, that each might more easily at any time invade and inspect the other's garden. It was the high tide of summer, though, before Peyton noted the persistent and careful work of his fair neighbour over a triangular path of ground which seemed to be devoted to hollyhocks entirely

Meanwhile, that twitching at his heart did not subside. He resolved desperately. There came a Sunday.

On this Sunday morning Miss Marcia tripped forth from her cottage at the stroke of the first bell from the church, and John, not at any time entirely oblivious to the proceedings next door, strode swiftly after her.

"That is a beautiful pansy you're wearing," commented Peyton, when he had overtaken the lady and the two had exchanged good mornings.

"Cling-cling! Clang-clang!" said the bells.

Somehow the bells disturbed Peyton and interfered with the force of his resolution. Miss Newell glanced up at the figure walking sedately by her side, and her eyes rested upon another notable pansy held forth to her as if to challenge comparison with the one she wore in the

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bodice of her charmingly demure gown of grey and snowy white.

She took the flower from her bosom and held it out:

"Yours is the largest," she admitted, "but isn't mine the more beautifully coloured?"

John could not choose between the two, and said so manfully, but he could not doubt which was more fortunate in the matter of ownership, and so begged his companion to take his flower and wear it with her own, "just as company for each other," he explained.

"The pansy is the one flower which appears best when alone." She held out the two triumphs to study their effect together. "It is because each pansy is, in itself, a study in wondrous form and colour. Each pansy is perfect alone; it gains nothing and lends nothing by companionship." Then a slight colour came into her delicate cheeks. "It is a sort of an old maid of flowers," she concluded.

"Cling-cling! Clang-clang!" rang the bells.

The woman pinned both blossoms upon her dress, and by this time the two hill-dwellers were at the church door.

So there had been no proposal that day. The resolve of the morning had borne no fruit. There had, however, been made the first advance of a sentimental nature. Thenceforth, every Sunday morning, John Peyton sent over to his neighbour the most alluring pansy he could find in his garden, and every Sunday she wore it to church upon her bosom.

A few days after this (to Peyton) eventful Sunday, he stood, as usual, by the little gate discussing some gardening problem with his friend, when it occurred to him to ask her why she lavished so much care upon her plot of hollyhocks. To his surprise she coloured deeply.

"I—I didn't mean to say anything about it," she said hesitatingly, "but I suppose I may as well confess. I have been foolishly ambitious. I wanted to do what no one else has done. I wanted to produce a wonder—a black hollyhock. I've tried, oh, so hard! but year after year I fail!"

Peyton looked down her upon pityingly. "Are there no black hollyhocks?" said he.

"A really and truly black one is unknown," was the reply, "but I feel sure there could be one, a coal black one, and wouldn't it be fine to be its orginator?"

John . . . strode swiftly after her.

"And what a beautiful name it would have," commented Peyton laughingly. "Think of the 'Marcia Newell' in a florist's catalogue. Why, should you succeed, you'll associate with me no longer. You'll be too proud and haughty."

"But I shall not succeed. I am utterly discouraged. I shall try no more!"

The man felt something even tighter than usual about his heart. Miss Marcia was almost in tears. It was inopportune, but he could not resist the temptation to risk all at the moment, to put his fate to the test and take the consequences, however rueful.

It was a reckless proceeding, for Miss Marcia's thoughts were far from love. She was perfectly unconscious of the mighty emotions she had aroused in her neighbour's heart. Nothing had she dreamed of what months had done to the lonely bachelor, who now leaned over her with earnestness in every line of face and figure. It was a forlorn hope, and Peyton felt it, but he went bravely forward.

"Miss Newell," he said impulsively, "I love you. I don't deserve such a one as you, I know, but will you not marry me? Don't—don't be too quick to refuse. Only think of it."

He stopped suddenly, for he saw defeat in the flushed, surprised face before him. The lady was not thinking of hollyhocks now. Her thoughts had been distracted with a vengeance! In her countenance even a sort of amusement struggled with embarrassment

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and concern over the man's manifest distress.

There was silence for a time. The bees hummed, a thrush trilled from an elm in an adjacent clover field, crickets were chirping in the grass, but Miss Newell made no sound. She stood twirling a flower in her hand, and looking down at the pointed toe of her thick-soled little boot as it peered out from beneath her gown. Finally she looked up, blushing still more deeply and smiling.

"Nonsense!" she said. "You want to spoil it all—our friendship, I mean."

John's look of misery deepened. "Will you give me no hope at all?" he pleaded.

The demure woman was quick-witted, and she had a sense of humour. There flashed upon her a way out of the dilemma:

"If you will do one thing—if you—when you raise a black hollyhock," she said at last—and she laughed merrily as she finished—"then—well—then we'll see about it." Thoroughly convinced was she that a black hollyhock could never be produced!

Peyton was transported.

"I'll try!" he said.

"Grown in your own garden, remember," Miss Marcia stipulated hurriedly, alarmed now at her own recklessness, and still more at the expression on Peyton's face.

"Of course," assented John, and then Miss Marcia remembered something in the house that must be attended to at once.

Autumn swiftly passed, and winter, and never a word was said between the neighbours regarding the compact made. Everything went on just as before. Their friendly talks included the good-natured gossip of the little town, the new books, the magazines, and, above all, there were, during February and March, long and animated discussions over the various catalogues and garden books in which the raising of highly-coloured and monstrous specimens of the floral and vegetable world was made to appear the easiest thing imaginable, but they invariably skipped the hollyhock pages in these alluring publications.

But far from idle during the winter months had been John Peyton!

He purchased books on floriculture until he had amassed almost a library of such works. He read but little else. He exchanged letters widely with famous cultivators, and made a trip to London, where he hunted the greenhouses and had long talks with those who had succeeded in producing new chrysanthemums and other floral marvels.

He dealt with noted seedsmen. Out of business hours he was a loving monomaniac, a man with one idea.

By midsummer Peyton's garden presented nearly its usual appearance at that season of the year, save that there were twice as many growing hollyhocks as ever before, and the townspeople anticipated a bursting forth of many colours when all should be in flower.

They were grievously disappointed. The hollyhocks bloomed, looked gloriously, but each one, double or single, was of the deepest crimson, with the exception of one little group, where the blossoms were such an uncanny grey that they called to mind November.

Peyton had done his best; he had obtained the seeds concerning which most had been guaranteed; he had attended the plants faithfully, and fed them with strange and varied composts and waterings of dark liquids commended by the scientific. And this was the result. Peyton was not dissatisfied. He had made a beginning.

Miss Newell noted all—she could not help it—and she thought much, half laughingly and half pityingly. But no word ever passed between the two concerning hollyhocks.

A year passed swiftly. Again Peyton's garden flourished, and in it were more hollyhocks than before. He had kept up his correspondence and his study, and was full of new ideas, which he carried into practice in his cultivation. Again the hollyhocks bloomed and the crimson upon some of them had perceptibly deepened. The man was satisfied. He thought of Jacob and his patience.

Miss Newell saw as before, but she no longer laughed. She could not quite analyse her feelings.

The third year saw Peyton's garden utterly transformed. There were in it only hollyhocks and sunflowers, the latter forming a golden hedge above the others. Peyton explained to his friends that it was the gratification of a fancy; he wanted to experiment with a colour contrast.

The flowers bloomed luxuriously in their season and were beautiful, but among them all was not one of a deeper crimson than had been produced the year before! The limit of their darkening seemed reached! Peyton's heart sank.

Miss Newell was becoming thoughtful. She bore herself most kindly towards Peyton in all their talks together.

As for Peyton, he was gloomy. The wrecking of his hopes affected him both

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mentally and physically. He needed rest, and change of scene and aim, and he resolved upon a trip abroad. Better, he thought, to suffer from unrequited love alone, than suffer, too, the disappointment of unrequited effort.

Why trifle with Nature?

Why not let her mix her own clear colours, with never an obtrusion of brown, grey, or black to make a discord in a perfect harmony? He arranged for a long holiday, and bade Miss Newell a somewhat tremulous good-bye. She parted from him gracefully, but cried a little afterwards.

When he returned he found Miss Newell looking a trifle pale as she moved about in her outdoor domain, and he gazed abashed from her garden, already put in trim, to the unsightly weeds of his own neglected place. As he bade his neighbour good evening, he had an unmistakable look of determination.

Miss Newell was soon edified. Peyton's garden was laid out with its former neat precision, and from it no old favourite was excluded—with one exception. There was not a single hollyhock! Miss Newell wondered. Had he abandoned hollyhocks? Again she cried a little.

But there was more to come. Peyton's vegetable garden, in the rear of the house, was a large one. Now it was all ploughed deeply, and the earth was made smooth and mellow to the sun by men with rakes, and then fertilized with utmost care. This done, the whole area was devoted to hollyhocks —nearly a quarter of an acre of them!

Miss Newell's spirits rose again. Her cheeks bloomed, and there returned to her a most becoming plumpness.

Three-fourths of his time at home Peyton laboured in his back garden. Never before had flowers been given such attention. The floral wisdom of two continents was being lavished on their welfare. When the time came they burst into bloom by hundreds at a time.

As for Miss Newell, who saw and comprehended all, who shall describe her soft emotions? She thought of the faithfulness of the man, of his manly delicacy in never referring to their compact throughout the long five years, of his patience, pluck, and hopefulness, in striving for the possibly unattainable—and all for love of her!

Her heart was full. She was in love with him now, deeply in love with him, and she admitted it to herself without reserve. Is it fair to reveal a gentle maiden lady's inmost thoughts? She wanted to become his wife.

One day in July John Peyton went through his back garden slowly, scrutinising every flower among the deeply-coloured host. He selected one at last, wrapped it carefully in tissue paper and carried it to his front porch, where he seated himself and then gave to the blossom close inspection.

The result was to bring an odd look upon his face. The flower was dark, dark as the darkest petal of the darkest pansy, but it was not entirely black. The man's look remained a while, but there came with it one of set determination. He returned the blossom to its tissue wrapping, then walked resolutely over to his neighbour's house and met her in her little parlour.

He said not a word, but opened the paper and put the flower in her hand. She blushed furiously, regarded it intently, and tears came in her eyes. She said nothing at first, then, laughing and crying together, turned bravely, looked up into Peyton's face and put her hand in his:

"No, John, it isn't black, but—dear John—it is black enough!"

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HUMAN PYRAMIDS

How the American form light-build human and scale walls

Streator Zouaves perning drill, pyramids, at record pace.

Capt. Keller's Zouaves build a pyramid four men high in six seconds.

By W. G. Fitzgerald.

Whole books, and fascinating books at that, might be written about the origin of novel and successful variety shows, many of them owing their appearance on the stage to a mere accident.

One of the smartest shows ever seen in London is that depicted in these pages, the Streator Zouaves, who give an exhibition of military drill and the scaling of walls by means of "lifts" with a rifle, and human pyramids built with lightning-like rapidity.

Four or five years ago a Mr. W. F. Keller, an American, conceived the idea of getting a few smart lads together and drilling them in his warehouse. The boys fell in with the idea, and soon there were sixty of them at it hammer and tongs. Each bought his rifle and uniform, and paid a small subscription towards the lighting of the hall and sundry other expenses.

Being under compliment to no one, the Streator Amateur Zouaves invented drills of

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The wall is eighteen feet high. The Zouaves scale it to an accompaniment of rifle fire.

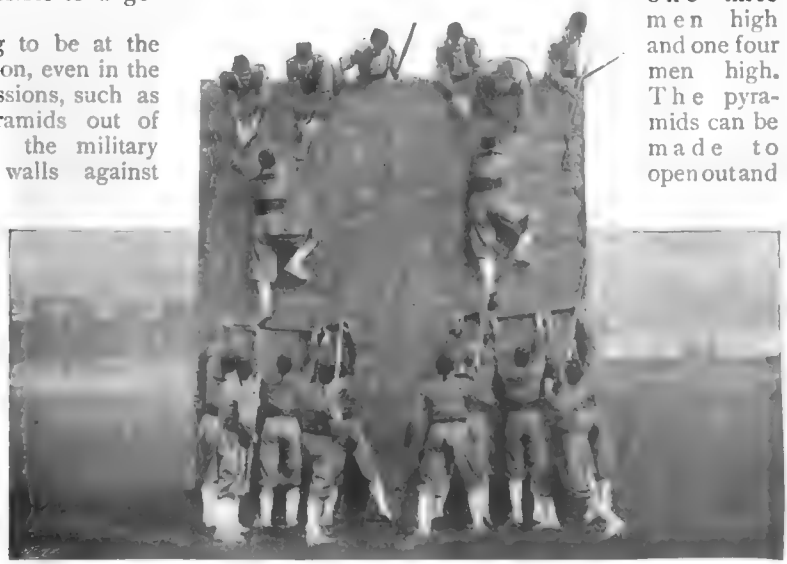
their own, and Captain Keller developed an insatiable appetite for designing "permutations and combinations," in the way of new drills. The result of all this application and energy was that thirty or forty young men were soon able to go through a drill which for precision, intricate movement, and single-mindedness was nothing short of miraculous. Their fame spread until one morning a cable came from the Empire asking if the Zouaves could put their act on the stage in Leicester Square within three weeks. It was pretty short notice—but what is impossible to a go-ahead American?

It is a good thing to be at the top of one's profession, even in the more peculiar professions, such as the building of pyramids out of human beings, and the military scaling of smooth walls against time. Over and over again timid, tentative challenges have been thrown down to the Streator Boys, and the reply has been so audacious as to quench any further desire to compete.

When the curtain goes up at the theatre the Streator Zouaves are seen in an alert line, wearing red trousers, blue coat, and red fez. In the background rises Captain Keller's portable "wall," an ingenious structure of one inch boards eighteen feet high, and painted to represent part of a stone fortress. Then come some wonderful drills, at a marching pace of two hundred steps to the minute, the lines breaking off, manœuvring and wheeling in a surprising manner.

Next there is rifle swing drill, the rifles being the Springfield rifles used in the American Army. Suddenly the order is given to build a pyramid. Each man knows exactly what is expected of him, and the bigger men cluster round with stooped shoulders to receive the "second storey," whilst the upper stories naturally consist of the smaller and lighter men, who swarm up the backs and shoulders of the "blocks" already in position. The thing is done with amazing alacrity, and often in five or six seconds the last man is on top full seventeen feet from the ground.

There are two kinds of human pyramids, one three men high and one four men high. The pyramids can be made to open out and



Each man is given an impetus by those below and caught by outstretched hands above.

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form human walls, and, in fact, anything can be done with "material" of this kind, the sixteen minds working absolutely as one, and sixteen bodies knowing precisely the relation of one to the other.

After forming the "lightning pyramids," the Zouaves divide into two bodies, and retire to the wings before charging and scaling the wall which is done to the exciting accompaniment of crackling rifle fire. This is an astonishing performance, considering that the face of the wall is absolutely smooth, without any hand holds or cracks of any kind.

Remember, too, that there are seventeen Zouaves, including the Captain, for one is always kept in reserve in case of accident. The record time for the whole troop to be over that eighteen foot wall is fifteen seconds. This record was made in Moscow, Captain Keller and his Boys being timed with stop watches by officers of the Russian Engineers.

The last men take a short run and a jump, catching at a rifle held at arm's length from the top.

It is a curious fact that this peculiar military show cannot be given on any surface where the footsteps of the wall-scalers will make no sound. The members of the Human Pyramids were once asked to go to Washington to give a performance in the grounds of the White House before the late Mr. McKinley, but this they declined to do, as their footsteps would not "ring" on the velvety grass of the lawn, and so they would never know when they were in step.

As the two columns charge the wall, each man knows exactly his share of the work, and one man can upset the whole climb. Two men hold a rifle between them, the first scaler climbs nimbly upon it, and with a vigorous swing he is thrown right up, with outstretched arms, so that he may grasp the extreme top with his muscular fingers.

As the first man is shot upwards, he grasps the wall and drags himself up and over in two great swings, landing on a ledge on the other side three or four feet down. Then, quick as thought, he leans over to help the next man who is being swung up on the rifle. The second man therefore can count on the assistance of the first, whilst the third man can count on the assistance of two, and so on.

Up they go like birds, one after the other, often with such vigour that they almost go down the other side. A protective railing, by the way, has been erected on the ledge on the other side, and when a few of the Zouaves have been thrown up they make their way down to the ground on the other side—but not to the front, as this would confuse the audience as to the number of men who had already scaled the wall. The average time from the moment the two squads charge the base until the last man is over is twenty seconds.

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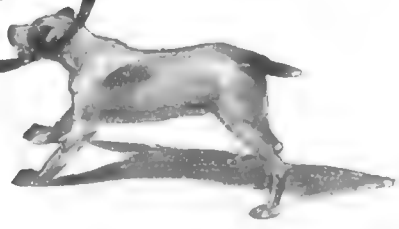
A LIVING GUY



By

F. Talbot Townsend.

Yes, you were talking about Peace celebrations (said my old friend, James Brindley, as we sat and smoked together in his little "den"). Well, I remember the close of the Crimean campaign, when I was quite a young man, and it was nearly the close of my own earthly career, too. Yes, there *is* a story about that Peace celebration.

I was the junior English master at Holly Park School, Northport, in those days one of those good old-fashioned private boarding-schools which the modern conditions of life and State education are so rapidly sweeping out of existence. Dr. Temple was the head, a well-liked and well-respected man, a D.D. and F.R.S., and he had one daughter, Ellen, at that time about twenty years of age, bright, clever, sympathetic, and lovable, with dark brown, wavy hair, and eyes that—eh? yes, you've guessed it. I was in love with her, and deeply.

Well, peace had been declared; we had licked the Russians; our men were coming home, and London had gone nearly as mad over the Guards as they did a little while ago over the C.I.V.'s and on Peace Day, and the occasion I am going to tell you about was one of general rejoicing throughout the country—bell-ringing, fireworks, bonfires, and all the rest.

On the morning of that memorable day, I met Ellen Temple in the grounds of the school-house as she came running up to me in her frank, unaffected way, and burst out with:

"Oh, Mr. Brindley! can you make a guy? I want to surprise the boys. They are having fireworks, bonfire, 'tuck'—toffee, I mean—gingerbread, and all the rest, as you know, but they would like a guy—an effigy of that horrid Tsar, or one of his generals, or anybody, in fact—to burn. None of them seem to know how to make one, and I thought if you——"

"I am very sorry, Miss Temple," I said, "but I shall not be here to-night. I have promised to run over to Sandkirk to help an old friend with some Government exams., and——"

"Oh, bother!" she pouted. "I have to go out, or ——"

I thought a moment, then said: "Well, I don't start for Sandkirk till five o'clock. I will do my best, if you like, while the boys are away, to make a respectable effigy, but I am afraid it will not be a very grand success from an artistic or anatomical point of view, and I won't guarantee it to be a perfect likeness of the gentleman in question."

"Oh, thank you, so much!" and she rewarded me with a smile which in itself was sufficient recompense. "I knew I shouldn't have to appeal in vain. You'll find all the necessary 'properties' in the hay loft over the

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stable. You will have the whole premises practically to yourself. It's a general holiday, you know, even for the servants, till tea-time, and all the masters will be out, too. By the way, Mr. Fenmore is leaving us to-day, for good. Did you know?"

"No," I said, a good deal surprised. Fenmore was the French and German master, and although I had never liked him, his abilities as a teacher were unexceptionable. "Why is he leaving so suddenly?"

Ellen blushed in some embarrassment, then laughed rather forcedly.

"Oh, he—he acted foolishly last night, and I had to snub him, and then he got in a rage and papa overheard him, and there was a row, and ——"

"Acted foolishly?" I repeated. "Oh, I see. He has been making love to you, has he?" My heart beat tumultuously at the thought, and I blurted out the words unthinkingly. "But—but you don't care for ——"

"Then you will make that guy, won't you, Mr. Brindley? I can't thank you enough. Come along, Trix!"

The latter command was addressed to a little fox terrier that I had made her a present of some few weeks before, and it was a debatable point whether the affectionate little animal was more devoted to her sweet young mistress or to the less worthy donor. Anyhow, to Trix I feel I owe my life and such happiness as I have enjoyed, or it may be to some mysterious power that guided the instinct of my four-footed preserver that terrible day when—but I shall come to that presently.

As I watched Ellen Temple's perfect figure vanish down the path in the grey of the morning haze, the little dog capering and barking at her side, and pondered over the news she had imparted, I realised at last what had only been, during the past few months, a misty, intangible, but ever-growing thought. I knew now it was no longer a mere thought, but a reality of hope and fear. I loved Ellen Temple with that ardent force of youth which seems to come, to some of us at any rate, but once in a lifetime.

This was to be a red letter day at the school. It was to be held as a general holiday, the boys spending the afternoon in the town or at the fair, and getting home for tea at six o'clock, after which the real fun commenced.

They had saved up their pocket-money for weeks previously, heroically foregoing their usual pleasures, to expend it in fireworks of the smaller kind, while Dr. Temple and the other masters were contributing to the enjoyment in a more elaborate manner by a lavish display of the larger fireworks.

The great feature, however, was het bonfire, and this was, indeed, something to be proud of. For quite a couple of weeks before, the lads had spent their playtime in scouring the neighbourhood and the seashore for wreckage of all kinds—old tree trunks, barrels, disused palings, and anything and everything of an inflammable nature that could be found or begged, which would add to the magnitude of the conflagration. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, their ideas of *meum* and *tuum* had gone somewhat astray, and we had had irate builders calling to inquire after missing planks, or angry farmers looking for erratic gate-posts that had mysteriously walked away after sunset.

And the result of their efforts was worthy of the occasion. In the centre of the playground they had firmly planted a stout scaffold-pole, some twelve or fifteen feet in height, and around this were piled the fruits of their fortnight's forage, some hundredweights of wood of every conceivable description, plentifully garnished with faggots and bundles of straw.

As I strolled out into the playground that afternoon, and saw the pile that would so soon be illuminating the lowering clouds above, I could not help thinking of Smithfield, and the times of Mary and Elizabeth; and I tried to imagine the feelings of a Christian martyr bound to that stake, with the flames leaping hungrily around him. With a shudder I turned away, and came face to face with Fenmore.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Looking for that old wooden pump that disappeared from the Common last week?"

"No," I replied, "I have somewhat foolishly promised to make a 'guy' for the boys, to crown the edifice, and I was just wondering what it would feel like to be tied up to that stake there, in the midst of the flames."

"*A la* Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and Co.?" he laughed. "Ah! thank goodness we didn't live in those days! By-the-way, you know I'm leaving? Yes, I go in an hour, so I thought I would just come and say 'good-bye' before I went up to pack." And he held out his hand.

I took it, and with a few commonplaces and mutual good wishes for the future, he turned away again towards the house, while I went to fetch the materials for the effigy, which included an old suit of the headmaster's.

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After half-an-hour's work I had turned out quite a respectable replica of nobody in particular, though I trust the original's features were not quite so repulsive as the hideous mask Ellen had procured, and which now grinned out at me from under the battered wide-awake hat which crowned the head of straw.

I carried the grotesque figure to the playground, climbed precariously up the mountain of miscellaneous timber, and secured my creation to the stake, then scrambled thankfully down once more to terra firma and stood back, with the natural pride of the artist or sculptor in his first attempt, to admire the effect.

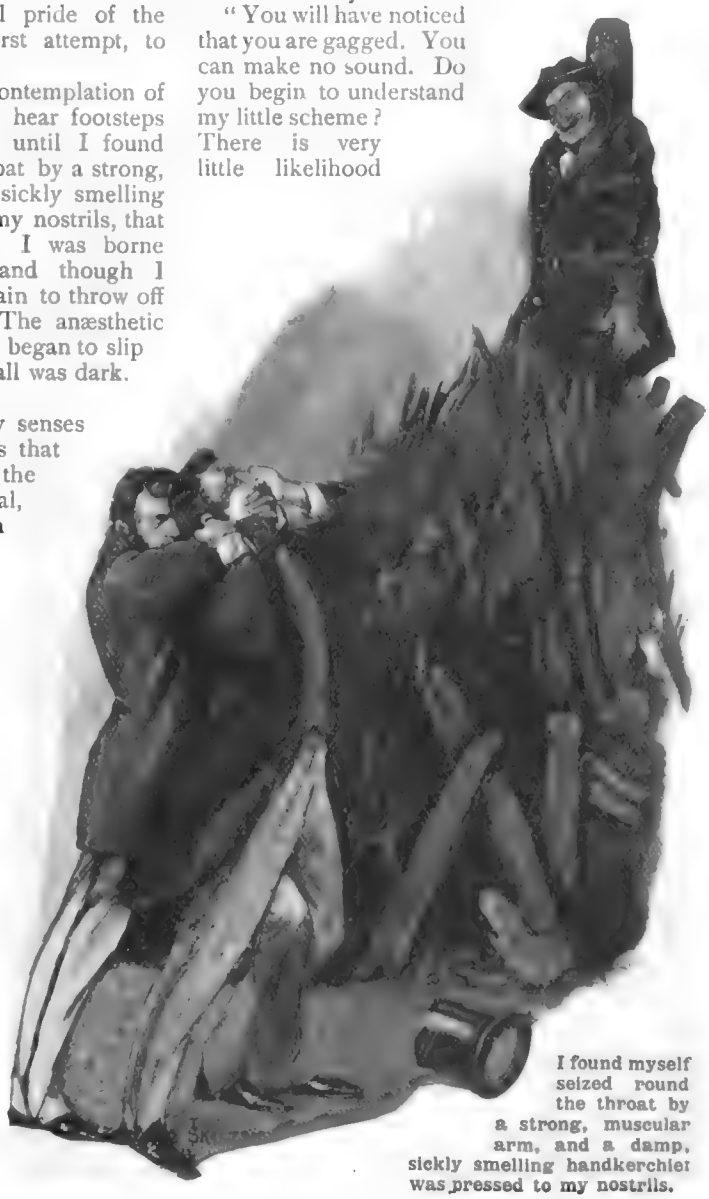
So absorbed was I in the contemplation of my handiwork that I failed to hear footsteps behind me, and it was not until I found myself seized round the throat by a strong, muscular arm, and a damp, sickly smelling handkerchief was pressed to my nostrils, that I found I was not alone. I was borne backward to the ground, and though I struggled with might and main to throw off my assailant, it was no use. The anæsthetic speedily took effect, the world began to slip away from me, and presently all was dark.

My first thought when my senses came slowly back to me was that I had been transported to the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was looking down from that vast elevation at the setting sun, but the sound of a triumphant laugh brought my scattered wits together, and I realised that what I had taken for the sun was the face of Fenmore leering up at me, and that I was bound, gagged, and firmly secured to the pole on the top of the bonfire pile.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Fenmore. "You make quite a handsome guy already! But you're not complete yet, you know."

He scrambled up the intervening faggots, and commenced tying around me the squibs and crackers, etc., I had attached to the figure of the guy, the while his voice, ringing with suppressed passion and hatred, went on: "You want to know what it's all about, eh? Well, you shall. Last night I told Ellen Temple of my love for her. She laughed at me. I got her to own that she loved someone else—*you!* But her love for you shall be your death, my dear Brindley. I have put over your own clothes the old suit you had used for your precious guy; you are bound so fast that you can move neither hand nor foot—no, not even your head. Before I leave you to your meditations, I am going to fix this pretty mask before your face, and the hat well over your head.

"You will have noticed that you are gagged. You can make no sound. Do you begin to understand my little scheme? There is very little likelihood



I found myself seized round the throat by a strong, muscular arm, and a damp, sickly smelling handkerchief was pressed to my nostrils.

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of anyone coming to your help. The servants are nearly all out, and those who are not are too snug inside with their penny novelettes and chocolates. In a couple of hours at the longest the bonfire will be lighted. Then, my dear fellow, you will be able to fully realise the feelings, both mental and physical, of those funny old gentlemen who went to the stake in the old days. It is very unlikely, even, that anyone will ever know what has become of you.

There are several tons' weight of wood in your funeral pyre, which will burn all night and the greater part of to-morrow. Where will you be by that time? Absolutely nothing will be left of you. You will be decently and most thoroughly cremated. You are believed to have gone to Sandkirk, and are not expected back until to-morrow night. It will simply be a case of another 'mysterious disappearance.'

"As for myself, I don't suppose I shall be suspected for one moment, but even if I am I shall be far enough from here before you are missed. Now we will finish your toilet." And he proceeded to adjust the mask before my face.

How I would have liked to knock him backwards with a good right-hander from the shoulder, as he deserved, but, as he had said, I was bound so thoroughly that I could barely move a finger. I glared into his eyes as he fixed the mask, but my look of helpless rage and horror only appeared to amuse him.

"There!" he sneered, as he fixed the hat upon my head, "you look more handsome than you have ever done before. And now I must be off. Hope you'll have a real good time. You'll be able to see all that goes on through the eyes of your lovely mask. Try and keep warm! Ta-ta!" So saying, he descended to the ground and disappeared in the rapidly gathering gloom.

I will not harrow your feelings with a description of what I went through during the next two hours. I was bound so tightly to the pole that all my frantic efforts to move a limb were utterly futile, and only resulted in despair and exhaustion. Excruciating pains ran through every part of my body before I had been there many minutes, but the pangs of cramp were nothing to the agony of mind. Whether I fainted I do not know, but at last I was brought to a keen sense of my awful position by a shout of youthful glee, as the boys, in eager anticipation of the joys in store for them, burst in a body into the playground, and began letting off their fireworks.

She bent down and applied the light to the straw.

Some came running to the foot of the immense pile that they had so laboriously collected during the last few weeks, and yells of delight announced the discovery of the guy, and speculations as to its method of construction were rife. Oh! how I hoped that one more curious than his fellows might climb up and make a more minute inspection, for any hope that I might be otherwise recognised had begun to disappear. The bonfire was a good fifteen feet in diameter at the base; I was quite ten feet from the ground, and it was now, of course quite dark, save for the fitful light that came from the fireworks.

Presently a cheer went up, and through the eyeholes of my mask, I saw

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Ellen enter the playground. Then I remembered, with a thrill, that she was expected to set the bonfire alight, and when I saw Burleigh, the captain of the school, approach her, and with a low bow, place in her hand a lighted "blue-fire," I realised the diabolical ingenuity of Fenmore's plan. The girl I loved was, unconsciously, to be my executioner.

Slowly she approached, and gazed straight up at me with a smile of appreciation, then made some laughing remark to Burleigh.

"Yes," he answered, "it's a stunning guy, isn't it? Mr. Brindley's a brick! But please set the bonfire going, Miss Ellen, then we shall see it better."

And, amidst the cheering and shouting of the boys, she bent down and applied the light to the straw, then walked slowly round the pile, setting it going in some ten or a dozen places. I made one more mad effort to break my bonds, to move a limb, to utter some sound that would tell my innocent destroyers that their "guy" was not a straw one, but a living, breathing, human being! Then a great sheet of burning, stinging, choking flame swept up and across me, singeing my hair, and setting alight some of the fireworks that were fastened to me.

I don't remember much more. I have a confused idea of shouts and yells of delight from what appeared to be thousands of capering imps, who, I suppose, were really the boys doing their usual absurd dance round the bonfire; of burning, blistering spurts of red, blue, and yellow fire, thunderous explosions, and blinding flashes of light; but, strange to say, I do not remember any extraordinary physical agony as my burning clothes came into contact with my flesh.

But I remember seeing Trix, the little terrier, running wildly about, with her nose to the ground, as though she had missed me and was following my trail, till at last it brought her to the bonfire, when she stopped, looked up at me, and raised a blood-curdling howl, which rose shrill and clear above the crack and hiss of the flames. I saw a look of absolutely human horror dilate her faithful brown eyes, then, through the smoke and fire, she dashed straight up the blazing pile to me. She reached me, sprang up on to my shoulder as she had been wont to do many and many a time, in a wild endeavour to lick my face, and in doing so she knocked off the hat and brushed aside the mask.

I saw Ellen rush forward with a piercing shriek, and then held forcibly back by several of the boys, while some of the others, headed by the masters, began to furiously pull away the blazing straw and brushwood, and others ran madly away and returned with buckets of water. Then reason forsook me once again.

It was weeks later when I opened my eyes in my own bedroom, a very poor remnant of my former self — battered, burned, and bruised, but my darling nursed me back to health in time, God bless her! Ah! she is calling us to supper, so come along.

Eh? No, we never heard any more of Fenmore, and poor Trix did not survive for many days the burns she received when she saved the life of "A Living Guy."

. . Notice to All. . .

All readers in possession of curious photographs, or photographs of curiosities, are requested to forward them to the Editor of the ROYAL. Liberal payment will be made for all photographs which the Editor considers worthy of publication.

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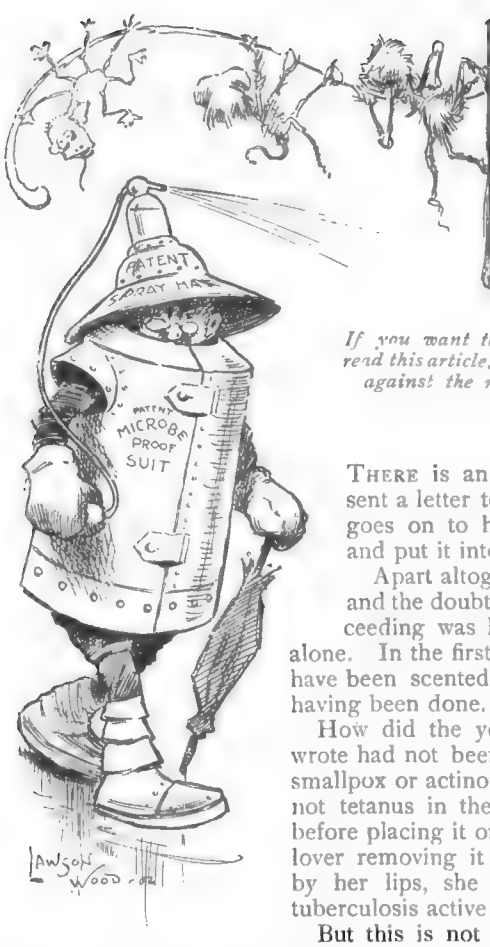

BEWARE OF THE MICROBE

If you want to keep in health be sure to read this article, which tells you how to arm yourself against the most malignant enemies of man.

By Vivian Carter.

There is an old verse which tells of a young lady who sent a letter to her love, and on her way she dropped it. It goes on to hint that someone or other had picked it up and put it into his or her pocket.

Apart altogether from the carelessness of the young lady and the doubtful honesty of someone or other, the whole proceeding was highly dangerous from a point of view of health alone. In the first instance, before being sent, the letter should have been scented—with antiseptic. There is no record of this having been done.

How did the young lady know that the paper on which she wrote had not been manufactured in a district where there was smallpox or actinomycosis? How did she know that there was not tetanus in the ink? Did she herself lick the postage stamp before placing it on the letter? If so, is she aware that, on her lover removing it on receiving the letter to kiss the part touched by her lips, she might be imparting to him the germs of tuberculosis active or latent in her own system?

But this is not the worst part of the story. On her way she dropped it—presumably in the dust. Now dust, as everyone knows, contains the deadliest of germs. If it was—as it may be presumed—in the country that the disgraceful affair happened, the dust probably contained the germs of symptomatic anthrax or tetanus, both of which are highly common in agricultural soil. To kiss a letter after it has been dropped in dust might end in certain death within a week.

In picking up such a letter, the young lady's friends were not only committing an act of dishonesty, but laying themselves open to disease, and in putting it in their pocket they were going the surest way to work to impregnate themselves through the deadly medium of clothes with whatever germs the letter might contain.

In fact, the whole story suggests grave carelessness over the important question of preserving public health, and should be submitted to the local boards to prevent its recurrence.

If the whole truth must be told, love itself is a highly dangerous and germ-spreading process, and really ought only to be conducted under certain precautions to be drawn up by the Board of Public Health.

I propose to show you by unanswerable argument and statistics that an ordinary healthy lover might, in the course of an evening spent in the most usual form of wooing, develop tuberculosis, tetanus, anthrax, leprosy, cholera, actinomycosis, bubonic plague, and typhoid, without performing any action in any way extraordinary.

A young man goes home one evening, and finds awaiting him a letter from his love. He opens it, after his approved method, pausing to kiss the gum of the envelope which has been previously moistened by his beloved's lips.

Now how does he know what has happened to that letter since it left her hands?

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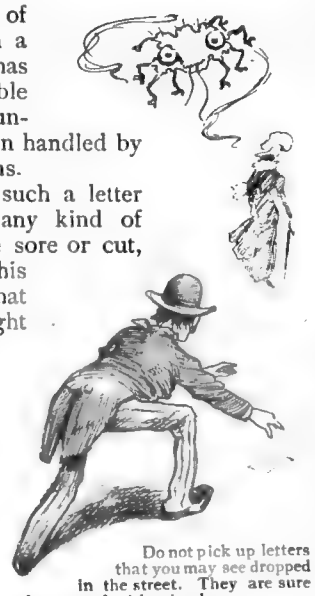
It has mingled with hundreds of other letters as it has lain in a presumable dusty pillar-box, it has been taken in bags of questionable cleanliness to post-offices unquestionably dirty, and has been handled by perhaps a dozen different persons.

To deliberately go and kiss such a letter might give that young man any kind of disease. If his lips were a trifle sore or cut, an entry could be effected into his blood by any microbe on that letter, and in a week death might ensue.



Do not pick up letters that you may see dropped in the street. They are sure to be covered with microbes.

The letter asks him to take the girl for a bicycle ride. In his hurry to get out he rapidly eats his dinner. Apart altogether from the likelihood of his developing such a triviality as dyspepsia from eating hurriedly, what risks does he not incur in the dinner itself? Supposing the weather is hot, and the fish has got a trifle stale. In his hurry he does not perhaps notice it. But bacteriology will tell you that stale fish is one of the surest precursors of leprosy. There is no more likely transmitter of the *bacillus leprœ*, as this germ is termed.

Leprosy may also be developed as a result of a slight cold in the head. Supposing the young man to be so afflicted, and in his hurry he omitted to employ his handkerchief as often as necessary. In a few weeks he might, as a result, find himself a passenger for Robben Island, off Cape Colony, a sufferer from leprosy.

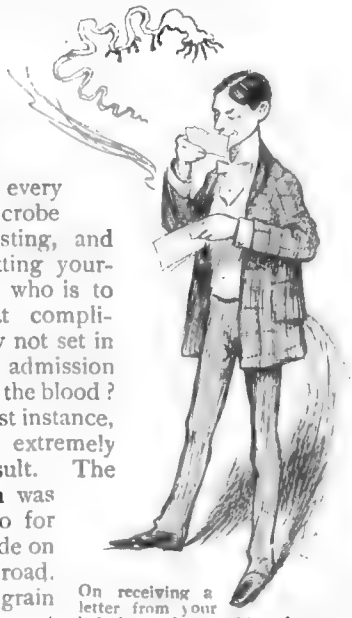
Possibly the fish is followed by some canned meat. Now, science has investigated this food, and according to Dr. George Newman, F.R.S., the eminent bacteriologist, no fewer than twenty distinct kinds of disease microbes have been found, on analysis, in canned meat, to say nothing of a variety of poisoning elements.

After this, perhaps he partakes of an ice cream, a very natural substitute for sweets at dinner. Now, it is a known fact that as far as risk of disease is concerned, one might just as well eat a cup full of sewage deposit as an average London ice-cream. It is one of the most notorious breeding centres for bacteria of every kind. Both ice and cream contain the materials on which bacteria thrive, and there are positively millions of germs to be found in the average glass of the concoction.

He follows this by bread, butter, and cheese. The bread is new, the butter, perhaps, just a trifle rancid, and the cheese in a somewhat advanced state. These things quite often happen, especially in a boarding-house, where, as the reader will have long since deduced, the young man is residing.

Now in new bread two celebrated scientists, Messrs. Waldo and Walsh, recently discovered numerous bacteria in a flourishing condition. While the baking process sterilises the outside of the bread, the extreme centre is unaffected, and therefore highly dangerous. But the butter is infinitely more perilous. According to recognised authorities, butter may contain from two to forty-seven millions of bacteria per gramme, which would be five hundred times that number per pound. In an average pound of butter, therefore, one might be partaking of some thousand million of germs, particularly of tuberculosis.

The young man next, we will say, goes upstairs to shave, and in doing so accidentally cuts himself. Now this is quite enough for any kind of disease. Shaving itself is one of the most highly dangerous practices of our day. The possibilities of disease are simply innumerable. On your razor every kind of microbe may be resting, and on your cutting yourself with it who is to know what complications may not set in through the admission of bacilli to the blood?



On receiving a letter from your lady-love, do not kiss the part touched by her lips. There may be microbes on it.

In the first instance, tetanus is extremely likely to result. The young man was about to go for a bicycle ride on a dusty road. Now every grain of dust is a sort of tenement

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Do not cut yourself whilst shaving. There may be microbes on your razor, which will get into your blood and kill you.

dwelling for all the most obnoxious germs known to science. What microbe is not there is hardly worth mentioning.

To go out cycling and expose a cut face to dust is a sure way to catch any complaint that may be going, but particularly tetanus (commonly known as lockjaw). The tetanus germ lurks in dusty soil, and a pretty good blow of dust in our cyclist's face affecting the cut might quite easily give him this awful disease, which nearly always results in death.

Of course, he is not compelled to get tetanus. He is quite open instead to take symptomatic anthrax or malignant œdema. The germs of both these complaints infest the surface of the soil, straw-dust, or the upper layers of the earth. The germ readily gains entrance to the blood, and once get it there your time has come to bid farewell to this world. After shaving, he runs off to meet his sweetheart, and they indulge in a protracted kiss. Now kissing is, under some circumstances, a disastrous habit. There is no surer way of spreading tuberculosis.

Any kind of kiss may be equally dangerous, but the lovers' variety is perhaps more likely to cause the disease. I am unable to say in what precise way the germs would be transmitted, but it is safe to assume that in process of a kiss, lasting anything from two minutes upwards, certain liquid absorptions must have been made by the parties well calculated to inoculate each with the germs of the other.

Kissing relations is no less liable to cause infection. Assuming the kissers to be of a tubercular family, it will be easily seen that to add to their own latent germs the germs latent or otherwise of another tubercular person doubles the chances of taking the disease. Therefore, avoid if possible kissing members of your own family, if there has ever been consumption in it, and confine yourself to the handshake.

But I forgot. Handshaking is scarcely less dangerous than kissing. If you happen to have a cut on your hand, or even an exposed hang-nail, and shake hands with anyone, it will be easily seen how great is the danger of contagion. If the other person had on his hand any dust, dirt, or foreign matter, his contact with yours must surely inoculate you with microbes, causing quite possibly anything from leprosy downwards. There is no more dangerous quality than sociability, which involves much handshaking with scores and scores of acquaintances, whose hands may be anything but antiseptic, and may, in fact, be positive hotbeds of germs.

In the course of their ride, the young man and his sweetheart stop to take a drink at a farm. That modesty which prevents his taking her to an inn will probably result in their indulging in milk, perhaps warm from the cow.

Now any scientist will tell you that milk is one of the most dangerous fluids in existence, and contains all the chief elements in which bacteria dwell. It is in fact a sort of paradise for microbes, and on analysing it, scientists have discovered what they call "an enormously rich flora of bacteria."

If you are engaged do not kiss like this.

In milk there is not only the possibility of the cow from which it came being itself tubercular—that alone is very great—but, after being milked, what may happen to

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the fluid as it stands in a usually dirty shed? Three thousand two hundred and fifty bacilli per minute! That is what will happen to that milk as it stands in the shed, and these germs breed at an enormous rate. In a certain temperature, twenty-four hours after milking, the number of germs per cubic inch to be found in milk has been estimated at 13,702,000,000; and not only tubercular germs are contained in milk, but also those of typhoid, cholera, and scarlet fever. In fact, a man drinks his milk, and takes his choice as to which disease he will develop. The thing is quite optional.

As he leaves the farm he casually picks some barley from the field and eats it. Now this may be suicidal. Had he studied bacteriology, he would have been aware that he was running a certain risk of developing *actinomycosis*, an all-round kind of disease, in which large tumours and small sulphur yellow eruptions form part of the programme.

The germ of this disease, or as it is briefly termed in medicine, the *streptothrix actinomyces*, grows on certain cereals, notably barley, and gains entrance to the human tissues through a slight sore in the mouth, or even a decayed tooth, with the most terrible results.

As they sit beneath a hedge, contemplating the scenery, he espies a large rat. Seizing a large stone, he flings it at the creature, and, being a remarkable shot, strikes it dead. His hand is slightly cut from the stone. Eager

Do not (even though engaged) drink out of the same glass as another person.

Seizing a large stone, he flings it at the creature.

to see his prey, he rushes to the animal and carefully examines it. Now this was an exceedingly foolish thing for a man of intelligence to do. He surely should have known that rats carry about with them the germs of bubonic plague, and to their agency is traced much of the spread of the recent outbreak in the East. Touching the creature with a slightly-cut hand is a positive invitation to the plague bacillus, so, with ordinary ill-luck, he must assuredly have developed this terrible affliction as well.

What is more likely than that, on their return home, the young man should have treated his sweetheart to an oyster supper? Now they should know that of all things likely to give typhoid, oysters are the worst. How did they know that there was not a sewage outfall in the neighbourhood of the oyster bed, the water from which had been swallowed by the oysters, with certain results of giving typhoid or cholera to anyone eating them?

How did they know that the salt water in which the molluscs dwelt was not so contaminated by fresh as to lead to their becoming infected with pathogenic organisms? And are they, finally, quite sure that, in the words of a scientific treatise, "the amœboid cells of each oyster, the acid secretion of its digestive glands, or the water circulating through its pallial cavity were such as to act inimically on disease germs?" Presumably not.

Therefore both were exceedingly likely to

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develop typhoid as a result of this foolish indulgence.

You may well ask, on considering the above facts, what one can do to avoid possible infection from bacteria. The answer is, very few things. From early morn till late at night we have the eternal germ. But there are one or two things you should on no account do.

Be very careful what coloured tie you put on in the morning. On no account wear a red one. There are certain germs which are attracted by the colour red in an irresistible manner, and it is highly desirable to avoid them.

Beware of newspapers. While it is quite possible to read them—especially if they are printed, like the ROYAL MAGAZINE, on a superfine glazed paper—without developing malignant diseases, there is always the possibility that some insidious organisms may lurk in the printing ink or paper. I have known a young man catch scarlet fever from perusing a leading article in a certain newspaper, not as a result of the sentiments therein expressed, but because of the presence of that bacillus in its pages.

Be careful how you wake in the morning.

The only safe way to read is to place a stand in an antiseptic bath, and the ROYAL MAGAZINE on the top of the stand.

It is desirable that this should be with your head sideways, as germs generally pass perpendicularly downwards.

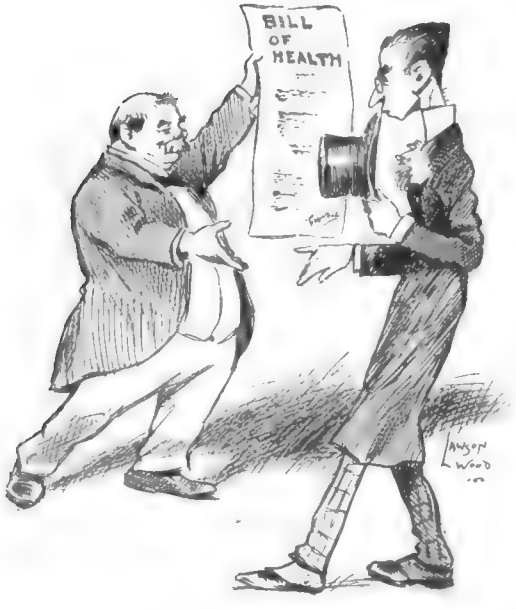
Never kiss or shake hands with anyone unless you have personally inspected their medical certificate of health, and then let the embrace be only platonic—an antiseptic token of affection.

Avoid bread, butter, cheese, milk, sugar, fish, or meat, and eat your food with antiseptic knives and forks on an antiseptic plate. Wear antiseptic, germ-destroying clothes, and always carry on your person a pocket spray of carbolic acid, lest you should incur possible infection in your daily walks.

Do not walk on wood pavements, as wood is a notorious breeder of microbes; but if you must, sprinkle yourself first with antiseptic.

Play only antiseptic games, boil all your books and papers before reading them, have your private correspondence baked before opening it with an antiseptic paper knife, spend half your time in an oven and the other half in a bath (antiseptic), and you may with great care avoid some of the more dangerous microbes.

If this course be impracticable, the best thing is to forget there is such a thing as a microbe, burn all books bearing on the subject, and destroy all your friends who talk about it. Bacilli of some kind or other are everywhere, and it is beyond human possibility to entirely circumvent them. That being the case, the best course is to ignore them, and the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that these enemies of the human race will ignore you.



Never kiss or shake hands with anyone unless you have personally inspected their medical certificate of health.

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THE COLONEL'S SON

A Tale of the Indian Mutiny.

By Bass Blake.

"Light's out" had long since been sounded over the camp, and still Jemmy was not asleep. He climbed out of his cot, and with his hands on the rail he felt for the floor with his feet. He thought: "I am quite decided in my mind; I will run away from home." At last he dropped to the floor, and in his red nightgown walked to the window and stood looking out over the camp.

He might have reflected that the tents were so many fairy nightcaps swept into their perfect regularity by some painstaking magician. But his mind was filled with serious thoughts. He had, he was convinced, been unfairly treated. That day had been his seventh birthday. At midnight, when he was very sleepy, he had pulled a cracker with his father. He had closed his eyes because he was tired, and his father thought he had flinched.

"Boy," said Colonel Davidson, "you are a coward; go to bed," and, discipline allowing of no explanation, he had gone to bed.

Thus Jemmy stood for a few moments looking out over the sleeping camp. Then he commenced to dress, not hurriedly, but with thoroughness and deliberation, as one whose mind is made up. The room was full of moonlight, as he gazed at the map on the wall. "The mountains at the top," he thought, "when I am clear of the camp will be about ten minutes' walk, and then the way to England will be no distance at all. I must remember there is a ditch to cross before I get to London, but of course I can easily step that."

He buckled on his sword and sabretache, and loosed the former in its scabbard after the manner of his father when going on parade. Then he threw his carbine by its strap over his shoulder. When he had done this he gently opened the door and came out on the landing of the bungalow. He crept downstairs by the banister and climbed out of the open window on to the verandah. The sword seriously impeded his movements, but it had been his principle since he could walk that a soldier's son should never be about a military camp unarmed.

Now as he descended the steps to the lawn he thought of the many black men asleep in those tents. He knew that the English soldiers were camped by themselves on the left where the guns were, and he thought he might as well reach the mountains through their lines. "I do not like those black men; they make no noise when they move, and their eyes glitter at night. But no," he concluded, "I don't care; I won't go home the easiest way." He would go through the Sepoy lines. So he held his scabbard in his left hand, with his sword hilt behind his left arm, as his father did, and went forward. The moon had faded, and he could only see the dim peaks of the lines of tents.

At this station in '57 there was one regiment of English troops with a battery of 9-pounder guns; also there were three native regiments, and between them there was a wide open parade ground, where field manœuvres were executed.

Jemmy stood near the bottom step of the verandah whilst he shifted the strap of his carbine, and it was then that he noticed a splutter of light on the ground. He came into the open and a few yards from the corner of the house detected a line of tow burning steadily

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towards the wooden building. Then the sense of a remark of his father's came back to him.

Addressing the major that night he had said; "At present I think there is no danger, but remember, Fortington, the extreme symptom of irritation in a native of India is to set fire." With this in his mind he sprang at the tow. He knew that directly the flame reached the woodwork the bungalow would ignite. With his little strapped shoes he stamped furiously on the tow. The agitation drove it into flame which ran up one of his legs, setting fire to his sock and scorching his knee. But he set his teeth hard together and beat out the embers with his shoes until the smouldering died down into ashes.

Then without looking back he set out across the native camp. His knee was very painful, but he was decided still to cross the mountains. His plan was to strike straight through the Sepoy camp keeping a wary eye for the sentries and the tent pegs and ropes.

Everything was deadly still; only a bird whimpered lazily in the far away trees, and the air was heavy with the heat of the night. He looked up into the sky and saw the faint bar of light which heralded the dawn. There was no time to lose. When he had passed through the camp he came to the line of corrugated roofed huts which were used for soldiers' stores, and then he came to a stop. He heard voices. He crept round in the shadow, and peeped out on the other side. A group of perhaps ten Sepoys were whispering together. They spoke in the vernacular, which he did not understand, and they held their heads together as if their business were secret and important.

Now Jemmy knew that soldiers, neither native nor British, were allowed to talk together after "Lights Out!" and something told him too that evil was about. He stayed in the shadow of the hut silently. He was rather elated than frightened at his situation. He tried to think what his father would do were he in his place. He knew that soldiers would only meet in the night to discuss something they might not discuss in the day.

It was clear that they must be dispersed, and he was the only representative present from the officers' quarters to perform that duty. He unslung his tin-barrelled carbine from his back, lifted the hammer, and slipped a cap into its place. The stillness of the night was such that he thought the squeak of the hammer as it was raised sounded loud above their voices. Something told him that if they found him there they would assuredly kill him. Now, as it seemed, their voices sounded fiercer, and as he peered again he saw all their hands raised as if to record an oath. He could see their dark, threatening faces transfigured in the dim light; he could hear the rise and fall of their whispering voices.

Now he thought was the time for action; for was he not the only representative present from the officers' quarters? He pointed his carbine past the wooden wall and opening his eyes wide fired into them. Then, forgetting at once the mountains and his journey, he tore back through the camp to his father's bungalow.

He rushed up the steps, leaped in through the window, and made straight to his father. The mastiff asleep on the mat first growled and then barked joyously. He knocked at the panels of the door, then he turned the handle and burst in. The bar in the east was widening and already the air was lighter. He could see his father sitting bolt upright on his camp bed, his face set and a revolver in his hand.

"Boy," said the Colonel, "what the blazes are you after?"

"Sir," said he, "I broke camp. I was going to walk home, but I saw fire at the corner."

"What corner?" said the Colonel.

"Outside v'randah. I put it out."

"Well?"

"I went on. There were black men in a crowd by the huts where the bread is. They were talking. I fired into them. I report this to you, sir."

"I see; get back to bed; you have broken barracks."

"Yes, sir," said Jemmy, and he went back to bed.

* * * * *

Colonel Davidson knocked on the wall for his orderly. He knew that the supreme hour —towards which his thoughts had for long been directed—had come at last. He appreciated to the full the worth of the first blow. In a moment his man appeared in shirt and trousers.

"Go and fetch Mr. Fortington," he said shortly. (Fortington was his Brigade-major.)

In three minutes Fortington was there.

"Hallo, Fortington," said the Colonel. "Listen! First load the guns on the ridge. Then turn out the guard. Sound the 'Fall in!' call for both camps, and 'Officers fall in.' I will gallop down and meet you on the parade ground."

He slipped into his uniform, and his orderly pulled on his boots and ran to bring

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round his horse; in the meantime he buckled on his sword and settled his peak cap carefully on his head. He knew he might be shot as he mounted his horse, but, on the other hand, it was not unusual for the Commandant to gallop round the camp in the early morning. On his way down the steps he pulled on his gloves, and as he swung into the saddle the bugles began blowing the calls; he could see his six little buglers in a line outside the guard tent on the English side. He knew therefore that his guns were already loaded.

Colonel Davidson was an R.A. officer, and to his guns he attached an almost miraculous power. "The real god of battles," he would say, "is the moral influence, and the moral influence in war is artillery." His wife, who was an invalid in England, had also remarked: "Donald might have married a battery of 9-pounders only that they could not be brought into church."

Day was breaking. On the parade-ground the men were already falling into their companies. In scanty clothing, soldiers—native and British—were rushing into the ranks; then the confusion of hurrying mankind was stayed by the few sharp words of command of the company commanders. On the one side were the native troops, and on the other the British, and between the bare track of baked ground. On both sides subalterns were settling their chin straps and hitching their swords and murmuring to each other: "What the deuce is the Colonel's game?"

The Colonel rode up and saluted his Brigade-major.

"Fortington," said he, "I want you to take charge of the guns."

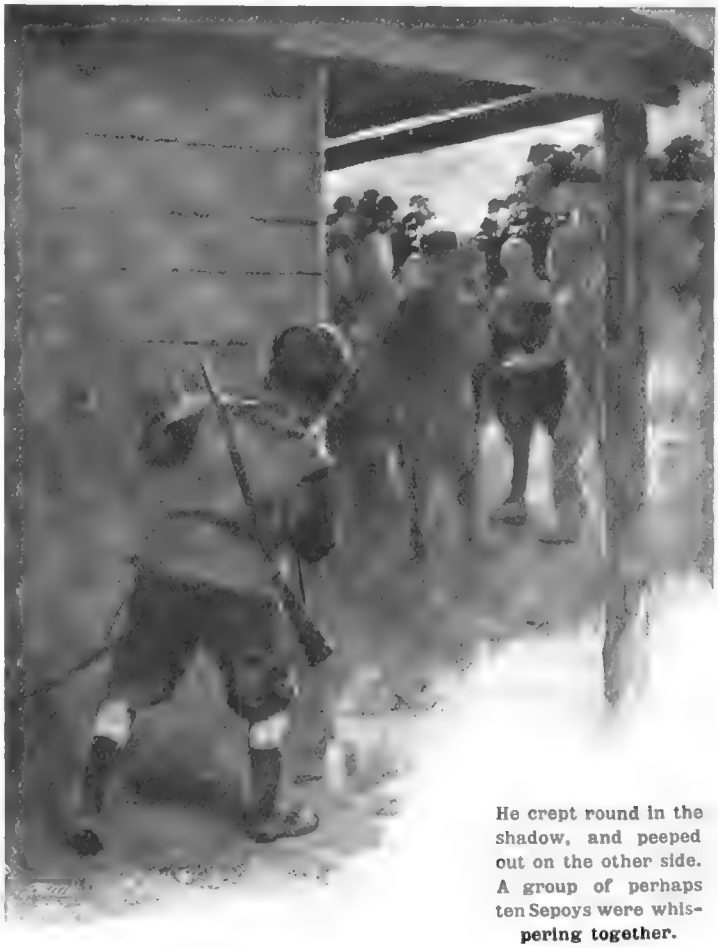
"Yes, sir," said Fortington, who asked no questions.

"Tell the Adjutant to form the Fusiliers so that there is sufficient space between for your guns to command the ground. I shall order the native regiments into quarter column, and then from line turn them about. Then the Fusiliers are to load their rifles with ball and keep them at the 'present.' I need not expatiate."

"No, sir," said Fortington, "I understand."

"Only," concluded the Colonel, "if I hold up my bridle hand your guns are to fire and then, my friend, there must be no intervals."

The sun had already unmasked in the yellow sky and sucked up all available moisture from the earth as the Commandant rode over to the native lines. On the face of a native of India it is rarely possible to decipher any emotion. As the Colonel gazed at the rows of dark faces, holding themselves before him in perfect regular lines, it seemed



He crept round in the shadow, and peeped out on the other side. A group of perhaps ten Sepoys were whispering together.

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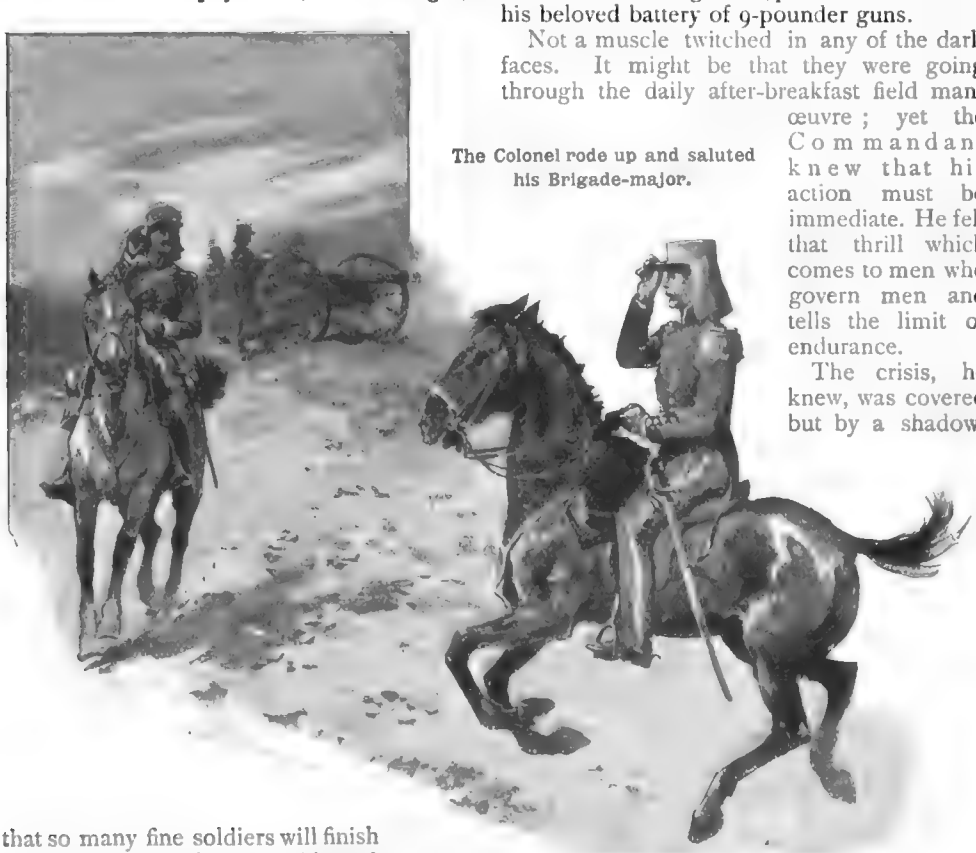
incredible that in their hearts they should emulate those deeds of rapine and murder of their comrades at Meerat and Delhi. Colonel Davidson, however, knew something of the native character, and he would as lief have inspected the soles of their feet as their faces for the signs of mutiny,

The captains stood out from their companies, their swords at the salute, and the subalterns behind their men. It might have been the ordinary inspection before a field day of trenches and firing exercise. He ran his eye down the perfection of their ranks. "What a pity it is," he thought,



The Colonel rode up and saluted his Brigade-major.

"that so many fine soldiers will finish their career as rebels to be either shot or hanged." It did not occur to him that on the station the English soldiers were outnumbered three to one. He gave the orders himself, and the whole native battalion was formed from quarter column into line, and then he gave the command: "About turn!"

At the same moment he heard the click of the English rifles, and he turned his head and saw every Fusilier's weapon at the "present," turned upon the Sepoys. In the centre from the ridge the four guns glowered down upon the scene. He galloped along the native line, and at the end held in his charger. Then again in his great rasping voice he gave the command: "About turn!"

The native soldiery turned as on a pivot, and were again face to face with their English comrades, with between them the intervening space of perhaps a hundred yards. The Fusiliers were formed up in one long line, broken in the centre for the guns, and every man's rifle was loaded and at the "present" towards the Sepoys; gladly he saw over the burnt and broken ground, pointed and trained, his beloved battery of 9-pounder guns.

Not a muscle twitched in any of the dark faces. It might be that they were going through the daily after-breakfast field manœuvre; yet the Commandant knew that his action must be immediate. He felt that thrill which comes to men who govern men and tells the limit of endurance.

The crisis, he knew, was covered but by a shadow. A sound even might have turned the present admirable discipline to open mad mutiny; have sent the Sepoys, after the first volleys of grape and lead, loose over the station to murder and destruction.

Colonel Davidson held his charger's rein tightly in his gloved hand. He knew that a movement now might turn the scale. He

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gave them small time for thought. Then his great voice was heard from end to end of the parade, even so that it reverberated over the distant hills: "Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth Native Regiments—Attention!—From the right, ground arms by companies!" He wondered, in a cool, mathematical way, now the order was given, whether or not they would obey him.

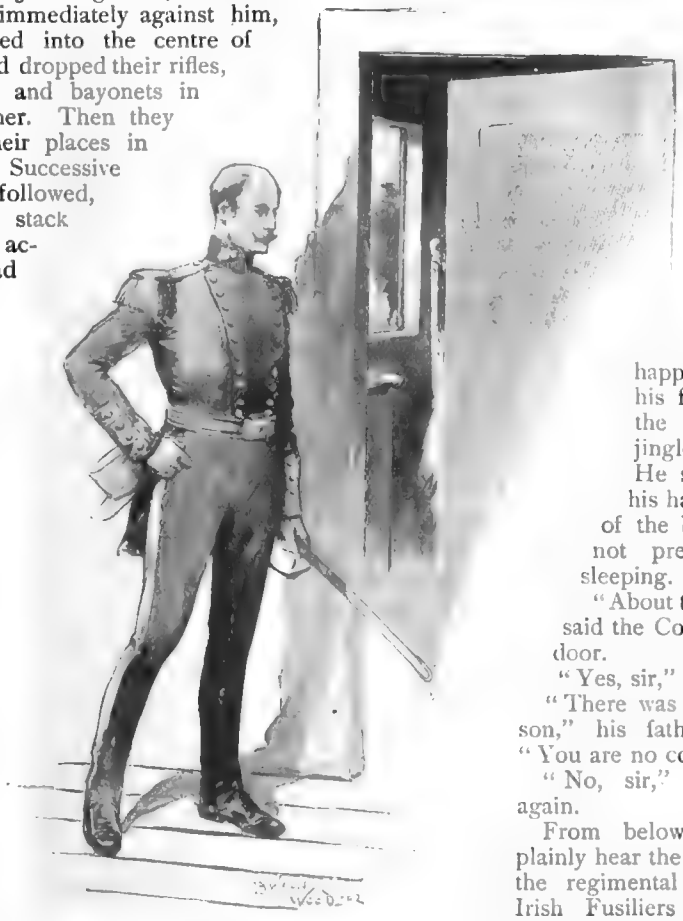
Whilst he might have dropped a stone from his saddle to the ground, there was delay; there was not that obedience to order simultaneous to the command to which he was accustomed. His memory carried with him to his death the sharply defined vision of the white baked ground, the overcrowning yellow sky and the ranks of grim dark faces. He sat bolt upright on his charger, staring steadily at the native lines.

Then the action began. Number one company of the 23rd Regiment, which was the company immediately against him, quietly marched into the centre of the ground and dropped their rifles, shot pouches, and bayonets in a heap together. Then they returned to their places in the ranks. Successive companies followed, until a great stack of arms and accoutrements had been reared, and the whole native contingent stood, unarmed, at "attention." Colonel Davidson glanced with pride at his battery of 9-pounder guns; it is possible that his allotment of credit was scarcely equitable.

Then he rode along and addressed the three native regiments:

"Men of the 23rd, 24th, and 25th Native Regiments,—It has become necessary to disarm and disband your regiments from service under the Queen. I do not wish to convey in this action any discredit on yourselves. You have always done your duty to my satisfaction, and in a workmanlike way. You had better remain quiet in the hills until Her Majesty's Government settle their arrangements in India. You will therefore be paid off and are free to return to your homes. I hope that on a future day you will again become good and loyal soldiers. God save the Queen."

Slowly the men fell out and trailed in broken parties towards the station; many men made straight for the hills. The station was safe from treachery from within. Jemmy, standing on his bed, watched them through the open window, and wondered to see the natives making for the hills. He was troubled at his father's attitude towards him; the word that had passed seemed to stick in his throat. He felt very unhappy. He heard his father's step on the stairs, and the jingle of his spurs. He stood still with his hands on the rail of the bed—he would not pretend he was sleeping.



"About those crackers," said the Colonel from the door.

"About those crackers," said the Colonel from the door.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"There was a mistake, my son," his father proceeded. "You are no coward."

"No, sir," said the boy again.

From below they could plainly hear the blithe music of the regimental march of the Irish Fusiliers as the band played their regiment off the parade ground.

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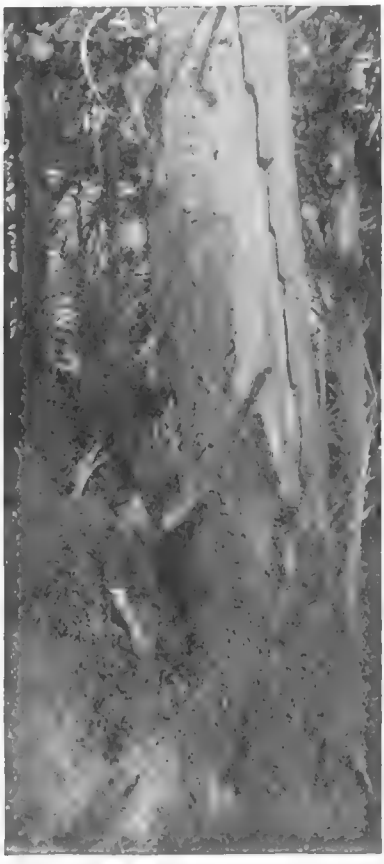
GUM SPEARING



The giant Kauri pine is bled and exudes gum.

In the marshy land of New Zealand long spears and hooks are used to locate the gum which is often found in underground deposits.

By Edwin Pallander.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

Kauri gum is to the North Island of New Zealand what gold is to the Transvaal, diamonds to Kimberley, coal to Newcastle, and petroleum to Pennsylvania. Few people realise what has been the importance of this industry to England's most distant colony. New Zealand has excellent coal—none better in the world than the Westport seams—yet the country has found the gum fields a greater source of wealth than the coal mines.

On the gold fields of Otago and the Coromandel coasts fortunes have been made and lost. In their working, companies and, incidentally, hearts have been broken, but notwithstanding the quotations of "Waihis," "Haurikis," and other excellent mines, the output of the gum country in one year exceeded that of the gold district by some £20,000.

Indeed the total value of the gum yield during the last forty-five years has been close upon nine millions sterling. Yet the public purse has done little towards the fostering of this industry, which, as the figures of the statistician indisputably prove, has been an unfailing source of revenue to the "roadless North."

Neglected as the peninsula has been by one Government after another, poor as is much of the land, and wretched as the means of transit often is, the Northern farmer is to-day, thanks to his timber and gum, quite as independent as his

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more pretentious but more heavily mortgaged brother agriculturist of the South.

The gum district stretches side by side with the forest land from the Auckland Isthmus to the North Cape. Bare stretches of clay and unwholesome-looking marsh land from which the forest has by some means long been cleared, are the "mines" of the gum-digger who has spent time profitably in the past on fields as far south as East Cape. But most of these are now cleared and the regular digger drifts northward to the borders of the great forest, leaving the "fields" of the Karaka and Rangiriri in the hands of the settlers on those dreary wilds.

Kauri gum is the solidified sap of the Kauri pine, and gum deposits are formed by the bleeding of the trees. The exudation adheres to the bark—from which it is eventually detached by its own weight—or oozes out near the root and sinks deep into the soil becoming in time hard and brittle and, in this case, beautifully clear. The gum that falls from the bark is buried only a few inches under accumulated vegetable deposits, and this is not nearly so clear or valuable, though, as it is more easily gathered, it yields in the end perhaps as good a return.

The Kauri pine—the "king" of New Zealand forest trees, often reaches a height of 150ft. while measuring from 30ft. to 40ft. in girth. It is a stately tree, and apart from its great monetary value (Kauri timber being one of the country's most prized assets), should command respect, for it is estimated that a full-grown Kauri is at least 2000 years old.

At one time it is probable that the whole of the North Island was a vast Kauri bush—a fitting haunt for the moa. Now, however, the tree is confined within limits and the area it covers is rapidly shrinking.

"Kauri" land, whether forest or gum, is always poor. No other bush tree is so exhaustive to the soil, and only scrubby manuka or bulrushes grow wild where these forests have thriven. The pioneers who settled in the North were seldom practical farmers. Small tradesmen and artisans, some retired professional men, and invalids in search of health, were allured by the softer climate and, in many cases, beautiful landscape into investing in so many acres of "the desert." What these amateur agriculturists would have done without the help of the gum, for which there was an ever ready market in Auckland, it is difficult to imagine.

Many a smiling homestead in the North today owes its existence to the capital which its

In a gum-spearing camp amongst the Pines.

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owner made by digging for gum in what would later become his paddocks; many of the "unemployed" in and about Auckland during the last thirty years have found employment and a fair wage at the "gum-diggings"; many of the wealthiest merchants of the gum port can trace their "beginnings" to lucky deals in the "poor man's gold." No one need starve in this part of the colony so long as he is within reach of the gum fields and has the wherewithal to buy a spear and shovel.

The life of the digger is a free one. He is a nomad on the outskirts of civilisation. He obeys no master. His necessary outfit is a calico tent, a blanket, a spade, spear, hatchet, and a strong knife for "scraping." In the summer time he leads a rather desirable life, though in winter he is not to be envied. It is consequently not to be wondered at that there are no fewer than from seven to eight thousand men employed regularly on the gum fields.

It is a motley crowd that gathers there. All sorts and conditions of men are to be found—the broken-down gentleman, the runaway bank-clerk, the disgraced schoolteacher, the new chum looking for work. Most of them are under a cloud, all are hard up. The regular digger who, with long practice, has made of his spear a sort of divining rod, with ease unearths some forty odd pounds per week, representing from 10*s.* to 15*s.* a day.

Of course, not much apprenticeship is needed, for, given the strength to drive the spear home, the process of digging is simple enough. The ringing of the spear as it probes the ground serves to indicate the size and quality of the gum struck, and if it is small or too deeply imbedded, it will probably be left undisturbed.

Of late years many of the lumps are so small that a system of "close-paddocking," *i.e.*, turning over the ground inch by inch with the spade—has been adopted. The spear is, however, still used in marshes or boggy ground where the gum lies at greater depths, and is located with more difficulty than otherwise. In the swamps the "hook" is used, a more dangerous tool than the spear. It is an iron rod with a curved end, with which the gum, after being found by the spear, is worked up through the slime.

There are two classes of ground gum, black and white, of which the latter variety is the more valuable, though the best hard "flinty" black fetches prices very little lower.

The total export for twelve years was 183,929 tons, representing a value of £8,114,852, a return that will bear comparison with that of many mines.

The gum spearer lives a pleasant but rough life in the Bush.

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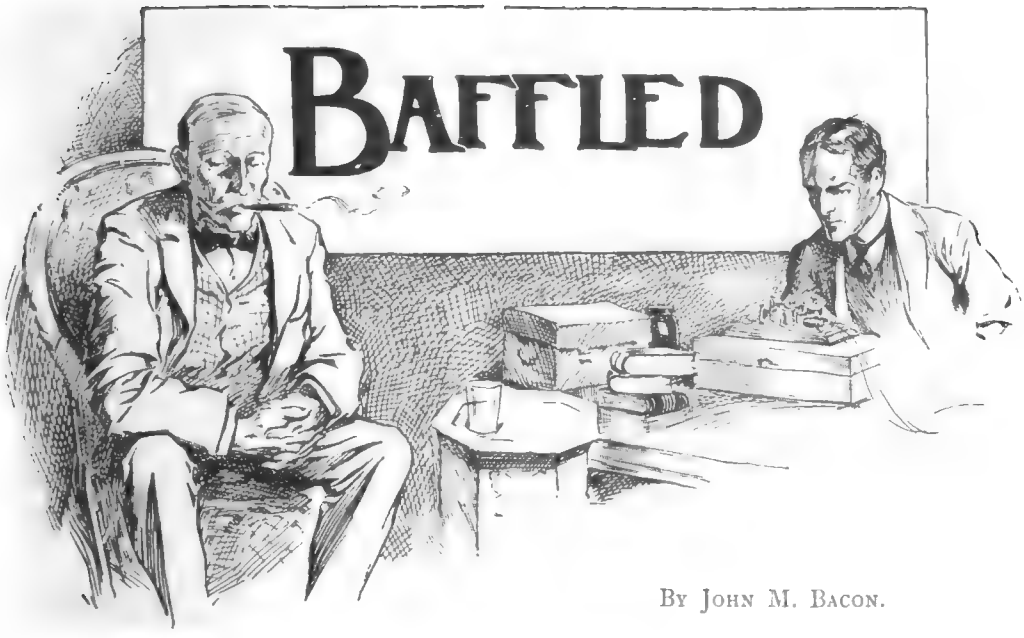
BAFFLED



By John M. Bacon.

As long ago as I can recollect I used to be spoken of as a genius—whatever that term may have implied—though it is not easy to explain how this came about.

I had two brothers, one older than myself, who would inherit the family estate; the other, two years my junior, who was to have the family living; while it was considered right and fitting that I, possessing as was supposed, the brains of the family, should be made to toil for a living along that precarious and too well-trodden path of an engineer—an electrical engineer by preference.

Thus it came about that at the close of my school training, which had been of no very special nature, I was simply handed over as a pupil to one of the large Electric Light companies to "go through the shops," and at the end of my term to sink or swim according to circumstances.

I was fortunate, for before long a berth was offered me which seemed fairly to answer my requirements. It was out of the country, and in mentioning this fact I state all that is necessary to my story which it will be seen relates to recent facts of a political nature which it would be inadvisable to chronicle. Suffice it to say my destination was an important seaport town, where it was determined to establish an electrical power station, and where I was to act as consulting engineer.

I went out with nothing else in my favour beyond a knowledge of the language and an introduction to the Governor, but for the rest I anticipated finding what I chiefly sought—namely, the means for providing myself with such mechanical appliances as I required, and time and opportunity for following out my own bent.

And as the event proved, my expectations were not ill-founded, for, arrived in the country, I had little difficulty in settling down in a way that suited me completely. I engaged as my lodging the lower floor of a small house lying back in a side street, and in a room at the rear of this I established my workshop.

Here, entirely secluded, and without the possibility of being overlooked, I was able to carry out my experiments, and was constantly at work at all hours, more particularly at night. One device, conceived long before, soon claimed my chief attention, namely, a telegraphic receiving instrument designed to be of far greater sensibility than that in ordinary use.

So absorbed did I become by my invention that, rejoicing in my seclusion, I soon sundered all intercourse with the outside world beyond that connected with my professional duties. I was therefore taken aback when one day, not many weeks after my arrival, I received a personal call from the Governor. The courtly old gentleman paid me a surprise visit, and, following the servant, entered my own sanctum without ceremony where I was at work.

"Mr. Begbie," he said, offering his hand,

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"I hope you will pardon my intrusion. Hearing what a retired life you lead, I scarcely knew how else to secure a chat with you. Yet we ought to know one another better."

I could not fail to recognise the friendly spirit that prompted these words and hastened to make my distinguished visitor welcome, adding my best apologies at the same time for the littered state of my room.

"But that delights me," he went on. "All I see is a complete mystery to me, but I have a profound admiration for talent like yours. Have you nothing you can show me?"

Flattered by his obvious candour I invited him to inspect the model on which I was engaged, and to witness its peculiarly subtle workings to which I have referred. I interested him obviously, but did not make him a ready convert.

"My dear young friend," he said warmly, "What good do you hope to get out of it?"

"Sir," I ventured to reply, "if such an inventon as this succeeds it should mean the realisation of a large fortune."

"Surely," he rejoined, "surely. Yet when an invention makes a fortune, how seldom is it the poor inventor to whom the fortune comes."

The justice of this remark could not be gainsaid, but I contented myself with insisting that if an experimentalist failed in a direct endeavour to realise a fortune there was often some side issue of his labour by which he would be benefited.

"I sincerely trust you may find this true," he said, rising; "and now I want you to come and dine with me quietly to-morrow night and smoke a cigar afterwards."

This was a high honour, moreover there was an earnestness in his informal invitation which made me decide to accept it, and thus the next night I found myself a solitary but honoured guest at the Governor's sumptuous table.

"You admire my home here, and my surroundings," he said, when, just after my arrival, I expressed my admiration for his garden. 'I grant they are as beautiful as nature can make them. I suppose I am counted a lucky man, and so far as position and fortune go I am. But lately I have had worries that would make me only too gladly change fortunes with one like yourself.

"Every newcomer to the town," he went on, "is a fresh source of anxiety to me. My latest bugbear is a stranger who has taken a house known as the Point at the lower end of my own grounds facing the sea."

"Where the tall mast is?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "It was that which at first roused my suspicions, for the man who has lately erected it might be intending it, so I imagined, for some secret signalling, more particularly as there has been a suspicious-looking vessel hanging about off and on in the bay."

"But has any signalling been going on?" I inquired.

"No," he replied confidently, "I have given that idea up. I have had that tall pole watched, and there has never been anything upon it but that curious finial which does not seem meant to carry a halyard. But by Jove!" he said, jumping up and shading his eyes, "there is that ugly looking craft on the horizon again. I would give a fortune to the man who could tell me what she is about."

The annoyance occasioned by this circumstance was most apparent, and I hastened to express my sympathy, as also my readiness to be of any service, but my host lapsed again into his gloomier mood from which I strove many a time, but in vain, to rouse him until the hour arrived for taking my leave.

Deeply impressed as I had been at the time with the Governor's manner and all that he had confided to me, I must own that it passed rapidly out of my mind, and for this few will blame me, for my model was practically on the point of completion and now absorbed all my spare time.

I had subjected it to the severest tests, and its behaviour had exceeded my expectations. I could not doubt but that I was possessed of a contrivance that would excel the existing telegraphic machines as much as did the telephone excel the old-fashioned speaking tube. Its extraordinary sensibility had presented one peculiar difficulty, inasmuch as it became readily affected by varying electrical conditions of the atmosphere. The advent of a thunderstorm would set it in a flutter which would confuse its normal working.

So it came about that somewhere in the small hours of the morning, only a few days after my visit to the Governor, I sat in my den with my new-born child before me building castles in the air, lofty edifices that somehow tumbled down as soon as built.

Clearly my invention should be at once protected by patent, to achieve which I must return to England at once. And here I found myself at a deadlock, for I was devoid of all resources.

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While ruminating over these perplexities I was suddenly called back to realities by a helpless appeal as it were on the part of my own infant. My model was claiming my attention by some abortive efforts which were wholly unintelligible. It was like a man striving painfully to speak but lacking the power. The neighbourhood of telegraphic wires might account for such behaviour, but this was out of the question.

Then an inspiration seized me. Somehow my instrument was being affected by Hertzian waves, those newly-found electrical vibrations which belong to wireless telegraphy. I became convinced that somewhere, and at no great distance, the new method of signalling was going forward.

My wits were sharpened now, and I seemed to see it all. The tall mast with the strange finial might, nay, must—after all be a signalling-station, and in this case doubtless in communication with the suspicious vessel at sea. Anyway, I was possessed with the belief that mischief was abroad, and my brain was racked with the possibility of learning what was happening.

The delicate needle of my own model was abundantly sensitive to record the pulsations of the Hertzian waves were there only at hand the usual pair of vertical wires, one carried aloft, the other to earth, which are needed to gather up these waves in force. But without these my instrument was dumb, and what hope of finding them.

But again some flash of genius came to my aid, and quick as thought I snatched up a coil of insulated wire and a pair of metal shears, and dropping quickly out of window, sped across the ancient graves to where the foot of the lightning-rod that protected the church entered the ground. Cutting this in two, I rapidly attached wires to each severed end, and leading these back through the window, joined up their ends with my model, which was thus at once transformed into a complete instrument capable of recording wireless messages; and almost immediately the familiar Morse Code signals began manifesting themselves, spelling out words in a familiar language, the purport of which there was no misinterpreting.

It is true that there were many allusions to matters of which I was ignorant, but I committed everything to paper as I read on; moreover, I was in receipt of all that was transmitted from either station, and it was abundantly clear that the ship was receiving instructions from the shore with reference to some aggressive act shortly to be attempted. The messages at last concluded with one from the shore, bidding the ship to be ready to receive signals again on the following night at the usual hour.

Now it was for me to act, and I had no hesitation as to my proper course. Some plot was being hatched against the Governor. Though the night was far spent, there was still left one hour of darkness, and this might be of utmost value. I therfore determined if possible, to report everything at once. This, as may be supposed wae not accomplished without difficulty, and only my extreme urgency prevailed with the sentries to rouse the Governor, and inform him that I craved an audience on a matter of grave importance. Happily I was admitted, and presently ushered to his sleeping apartment.

"Sir," I began, "you remember that instrument of mine——"

"Tut," he replied sharply, "what has that to do with me?"

"Everything!" I replied. "It has revealed your enemies," and then I told him all. My story at first appeared to him too strange for credence, the new mode of telegraphy being a mere enigma to him; but a glance at my transcript at once convinced him.

"You have rendered me most valuable service," he said, "and maybe I can for once baulk this gang of malcontents."

"Can't you crush them altogether?" I asked, for a plan of action had been presenting itself to me which suggested possibilities.

"Have you any scheme," he asked with a bitter smile, "whereby I, with fifty men, can crush twice as many insurgents in the town, and as many more afloat. Depend upon it, that vessel is full of armed rascals lying off all day, and at night coming near enough to carry out this infernal trick of signalling."

"Don't give it an ill name, sir," I replied, "I think you might make this very trick, as you call it, the best trick in your game."

And then I told him of the expedient that had occurred to me. "We might be able," I explained, "to take the signalling into our own hands, and in some way to catch the enemy bodily in his own trap."

The plan which I unfolded can be told in a few words. I possessed an induction or sparking coil, which is the one essential instrument in transmitting wireless messages. This was doubtless wholly inadequate to signal over the long range to the ship, but probably sufficient, by aid of the lightning-rod connection, to speak with the shore station at

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the Point which was quite near my own lodging.

This, however, constituted but the half and the smaller half of my plan. The whole length of wire carried up the tall mast in the traitor's ground might be needed to flash wireless messages to the distant ship, but a very short length would suffice for the interchange of messages between that traitor and my own workshop. If then the wire could be secretly severed at a few feet up the mast the game would practically be in our hands.

This I proceeded to explain in detail, but before my plan was fully told the first streak of dawn was in the sky. The Governor was the first to see it. "You know our rapid twilight," he cried. "Can you cut that wire before the light is upon us?"

Ere the words were well uttered I had slid down outside the verandah so across the gardens, making a bee line for the mast-head already visible against the sky. At the end of the garden was a tangled shrubbery through which I broke recklessly, only to find myself brought up by a high wall.

Then scaling this I encountered a deep drop into a lane below. How deep I could scarcely gauge, for the roadway was narrow, overshadowed, and still in darkness. This, however, was a point in my favour, so trusting to fortune I let myself down, and, alighting softly, found myself opposite the entrance of the grounds I sought.

Then, scaling this, I encountered a deep drop into the lane below.

It was necessary to make a detour through a belt of plantation. More than once I fancied myself detected, but at last I reached my goal unobserved. The rest of my task was easy. Attached to the mast was the vertical wire I expected to find, and at a point as high as I could reach I sundered this without severing its gutta-percha covering. Thus the fracture was unbetrayed, and nothing remained but to make good my escape unperceived, which I happily effected.

* * * * *

For more than an hour that evening the Govenor occupied my armchair in silence, stimulating thought with a cigar the while I watched my instrument narrowly. At length there came a call signal from someone, to which I answered at random. Then we got at cross purposes, and then I was asked

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what I was about; to which I immediately replied "Signals bad. Proceed!" I had anticipated trouble of this kind from ignorance of any prearranged code, but things went smoothly now, and without delay I commenced reading off the messages, the Governor himself dictating the replies. They ran somewhat thus, beginning with the enemy:

"Can you land your men to-night?" "Say when." "As arranged. Is all in order?" "Quite, but repeat full instructions."

Then followed, clause by clause, as deep a scheme of villainy as could well be conceived. In outline it was this: The fighting men from the vessel were to land at two in the morning on the quay where, giving the watchword, they would muster with the insurgents in the town. Then while a small party made a feigned attack on the Governor's house for the purpose of drawing off the soldiers, the main force would seize and hold the garrison. The Governor rose promptly to the occasion. His counterplan seemed to shape itself at once.

"Remain here," he said, "till I send an escort for you. I shall want you as signalman elsewhere later on." And with that he left abruptly, but with a confident stride and the cloud already banished from his brow.

What followed is soon told. At the hour appointed by the rebels a vessel as arranged drew alongside the quay; but the vessel was the Governor's own brig, and the men who, giving the watchword, jumped ashore were his own troops. Moreover ere the assembled insurgents had fairly recognised this there were other closed ranks of troops formed up behind them, and resistance became hopeless. A few shots were fired, and then the rebels surrendered to a man.

My own turn of duty came next. A file of soldiers presently summoned me to the Point, where I found the arch-traitor pinioned, his chin drooping on his breast, and beside him the Governor himself.

Having first united the severed wire to restore long-distance signalling, I soon established communication with the vessel at sea. They had heard the firing, and it was easy to lead them to believe that some alarm had hindered previous messages from the shore.

It was also easy to issue fresh instructions, which, at the Governor's dictation, I forthwith transmitted. They were these: On the plea of avoiding giving fresh alarm the vessel was now ordered to approach and, lying off a little way, to land its forces in small parties in boats. Thus it came about that ere the next sun had risen every one of the rascals had walked into the trap, and their vessel had been taken.

And, indeed, all was over with that one night's work. The rebellion was trodden out, and the Governor proved as good as his word. He gave "a fortune to the man who discovered what that ugly vessel was about."

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DINING in TREES

The land of Robinson Crusoe, near Paris, where Parisians can spend their holidays in peace and quietness. The cafés are built in trees, and are the most delightful restaurants in the world.

Hauling up baskets containing provisions to the tree-tops, where visitors to Crusoe Land take their meals.

A Modern Crusoe Land Where Every Meal is a Picnic.

By Phil Lander and Geo. E. Light.

Although children, and babes of larger growth, are annually brought face to face with their enchanting hero, Robinson Crusoe, through the medium of the picturesque pantomime, British sentiment has not yet gone the length of building a new town, modelling its houses after the style of architecture adopted by Defoe's handy man for his summer residence, capping the whole enterprise by christening the place with the name of the immortal castaway of the lonely isle.

Our French neighbours have apparently been far more enthusiastic on the subject. So long ago as 1848, in the midst of a verdant district situated within a few convenient miles of Paris, the first Crusoe hut was erected. In this, light refreshments were served to those who happened to pass along the highway.

The originator was one Guesquin, and he could have justly flattered himself that his venture "caught on" with the Parisian public. His one hut soon became two—and then three. Crusoe Land began to grow. Guesquin thought that if some of the huts were erected in trees the novelty and pleasure would be added to. Although Robinson Crusoe never lived in a hut built in the branches of a tree, the Swiss family Robinson did, and in due course the trees were called upon to bear a new burden.

Rival caterers established more huts, and it became a Parisian fashion on holidays to dine or lunch in a tree. And so the little town grew; and it was called Robinson. It became a famous resort. For over half a century Parisians and others have been given the opportunity of emulating Robinson Crusoe and that enterprising family from Switzerland who came after him in adventurous story.

As patrons continued to grow in numbers higher and higher the tree-huts ascended, until they were perched almost on the very topmost branches, and Robinson has become the one place in the world where restaurants abound high above *terra firma*, and where one may obtain a dainty Parisian lunch or dinner, or a cup of coffee, served as well as in many good-class establishments on the boulevards.

No doubt a great deal of the success of the original undertaking was owing to the position selected; the surroundings are in keeping with the idea. The views to be seen from the tree restaurants are beautiful. Miles and miles of the district are commanded from

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even the lower huts, and the country is picturesque and well-wooded. On a clear day, distant villages and chateaux peeping from a wealth of foliage present a delightful scene.

Natural woodland beauty is mingled with magnificent gardens and vineyards. No wonder that Robinson is one of the most popular resorts about Paris.

The chief of these aerial establishments—of which there are at least half-a-dozen—is that which first set the fashion to rival caterers

A rustic staircase leading up to two quaint summer-house restaurants.

and so created the village of Robinson. Here, at the entrance, is seen the effigy of Crusoe surmounting a notice proclaiming to the world that it is the original tree-hut firm, and inviting patronage as such. And, indeed, it seems to attract most of the visitors at all times.

On Sundays, of course, Robinson is seen at its best. People come in their thousands. The drive there by road is delightful, and the electric cars are packed, during the fine weather, with visitors. Hampton Court on Chestnut Sunday gives the Londoner a fair idea of the numerical strength of the gathering of merrymakers.

Here the patient donkey, the open-air shooting-gallery, swings, see-saws—rather primitive these latter are—all attract patrons. But never will the fastidious Briton see rowdyism or drunkenness. Gaiety galore, plenty of laughter, lightness of heart expressed; and good-natured chaff—but nothing in any way objectionable.

As for wedding parties, on the day of our three-hour visit certainly no fewer than a dozen of newly-wedded couples, accompanied by innumerable friends, drove up from time to time—in smart carriages everyone.

Bridegrooms in evening dress, and girls in bridal costume, veils and all, wandered about the grounds, or cooed together high up in the trees—all minus the least expression of concern, taking everything, and being taken by everybody else, as a matter of course.

In the grounds of each establishment

A café in the first fork of a huge oak—one of the pleasantest spots in all Crusoe Land.

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are from two to half-a-dozen lofty trees, and it is in each of these trees that the Crusoe huts are built, a staircase, constructed in rustic style, leading to each floor. Several of the trees are large and high enough to hold four huts, each some distance above the other. Guesquin's, "the original," can accommodate a score of parties at one time.

It is a remarkable sight to see every hut occupied by people bent on enjoying themselves; the tree seems alive; laughter and song issuing from the leafy bowers, sometimes, it must be said, without any serious claims on harmony.

The dishes for a lunch or dinner are placed in a basket, which is then hoisted by means of rope and pulley. The *garçon* in charge of each floor removes the *plats* from the basket, making use of the latter's descent to get rid of soiled dishes and glasses, etc. Another *garçon* stands at the foot of the tree to superintend the hoisting arrangements.

Robinson is one of the popular resorts near Paris which has not yet been spoilt by periodical descents of foreign tourists. Gaze knows it not, nor yet Cook—if they do know it they don't invade it anyhow.

Famous as the tree-hut village is amongst middle-class Parisians, the knowledge of its existence has not spread seriously across the Channel. Consequently, when an occasional Englishman or two run down to Crusoe Land, they are greeted warmly—and are not intimidated from ever going there again by being villainously overcharged. It will be found, indeed, that courtesy and moderate charges are mingled so pleasantly as to make the stranger feel quite at home, and he will always have pleasant memories of the day he spent at Robinson.

The airiest restaurant in existence.

A tea-party in the tree-tops. All the pleasure of a picnic, and all the comfort of an hotel, are found combined in these little cafés among the leaves.

The most elevated café in Crusoe Land.

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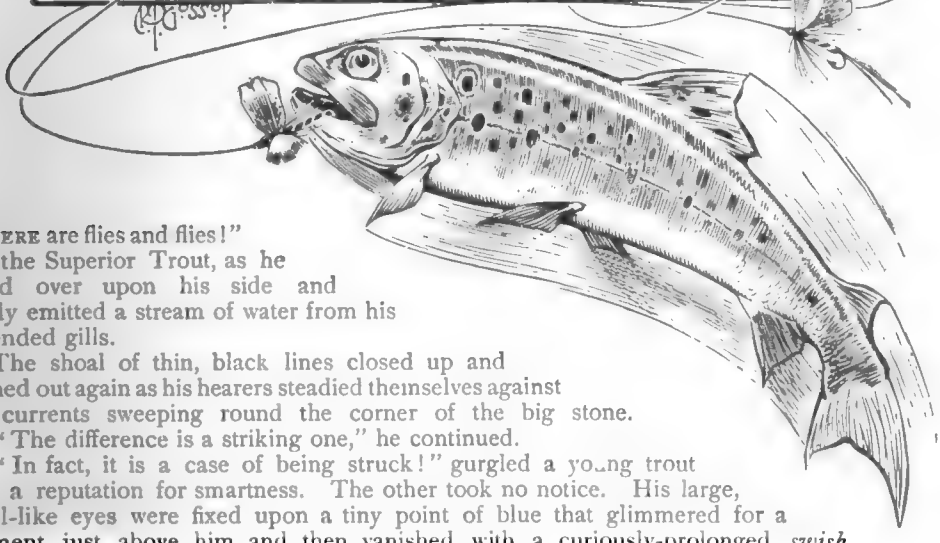
A FISHY YARN

BY A. DEMAIN GRANGE



"THERE are flies and flies!" said the Superior Trout, as he rolled over upon his side and slowly emitted a stream of water from his distended gills.

The shoal of thin, black lines closed up and opened out again as his hearers steadied themselves against the currents sweeping round the corner of the big stone.

"The difference is a striking one," he continued.

"In fact, it is a case of being struck!" gurgled a young trout with a reputation for smartness. The other took no notice. His large, pearl-like eyes were fixed upon a tiny point of blue that glimmered for a moment just above him and then vanished with a curiously-prolonged *swish*.

"Now that is very funny," remarked the Superior Trout.

The younger fish backed away into the shadow. He felt vaguely that he had received a snub, and, like most clever young people, he was extremely sensitive and thin-scaled. Also, as frequently happens with the young, he had jumped to an entirely wrong conclusion.

"It is so very difficult nowadays to tell the real from the other kind," observed a gaunt, bony trout, with a slight shrug of his dorsal fins.

"Not at all," replied the Superior Trout. "It is really the simplest thing under water. I often wonder how any intelligent fish can be deceived. Take the average artificial fly, for example."

"I did—once!" murmured he of the bony frame; "and I spent ten agonised minutes gasping for a gillful of fresh water. I don't want to repeat the experiment!"

A sharp ripple passed through the whole length of the shoal as its individual members swung round and regarded the speaker in gaping wonderment. Even the Superior Trout forgot for the moment his superiority in the face of that astounding assertion. The Bony One continued to gaze straight before him in the abstracted manner of the true *raconteur*.

"It was a strange experience," he added thoughtfully.

"And doubtless an interesting one," suggested an alert and shrewd-looking fish with a finely-developed journalistic instinct. The Bony One rose to the bait.

"Yes," he said, "you are right there. Few bull-trout have been landed as I have, and come back to tell the tale. How I was able to do so you shall hear.

"It happened last summer. The river had been in spate for some days, and on this particular afternoon I had eaten my fill and was lying comfortably at the bottom of a deep pool, when what should I see right above me but a plump, juicy Mayfly, skimming upon the surface——"

"Flopping along like a water-beetle!" cried the Superior One scornfully.

"On the contrary, its progress was most life-like and natural. Any trout would have been deceived by it!"

"That goes without saying," grunted an elderly trout with a moist chuckle.

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A broad expanding of fishy girdles greeted this sally. The Bony One wriggled deprecatingly. He was bent upon telling his story, and had no mind for small side issues.

"Be that as it may," he went on, "it was the cleverest bit of imitation I ever saw. Perfectly accurate as regards size and colouring, it was exactly like any of the hundred-and-one flies I had lunched off that day, except, perhaps, that it was larger and more appetising. The temptation was irresistible. I made a sudden dart upwards, and in another moment I was—hooked!"

The listeners pricked up their ears, so to speak.

"To struggle was useless. Do what I would I could not rid myself of that abominable insect! I tried every means in my power, but without success. My efforts to swallow it were equally unavailing. Maddened by fear and pain, I dashed wildly to and fro, plunging deeply and throwing myself far out of the water in my terror. It was during one of these leaps that I first noticed the two Humans who were working the devil-fly."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Superior Trout, "there were two of them, were there?"

"Yes, one was the ordinary everyday type of bull-human. The other was different, having only two antennæ instead of four, and being restricted in the middle like some beetles."

"That was a doe-human," said the Elderly Trout, who had once sojourned in a river where picnic parties abounded.

He of the journalistic turn of mind was not so easily convinced. "I have observed," he said, "that when the bull-human is bent upon catching us he usually leaves the doe-human at home."

"Fortunately for me he had not done so on this occasion," said the other.

"You mean——"

"It was owing to her presence that I escaped at last from a very trying situation."

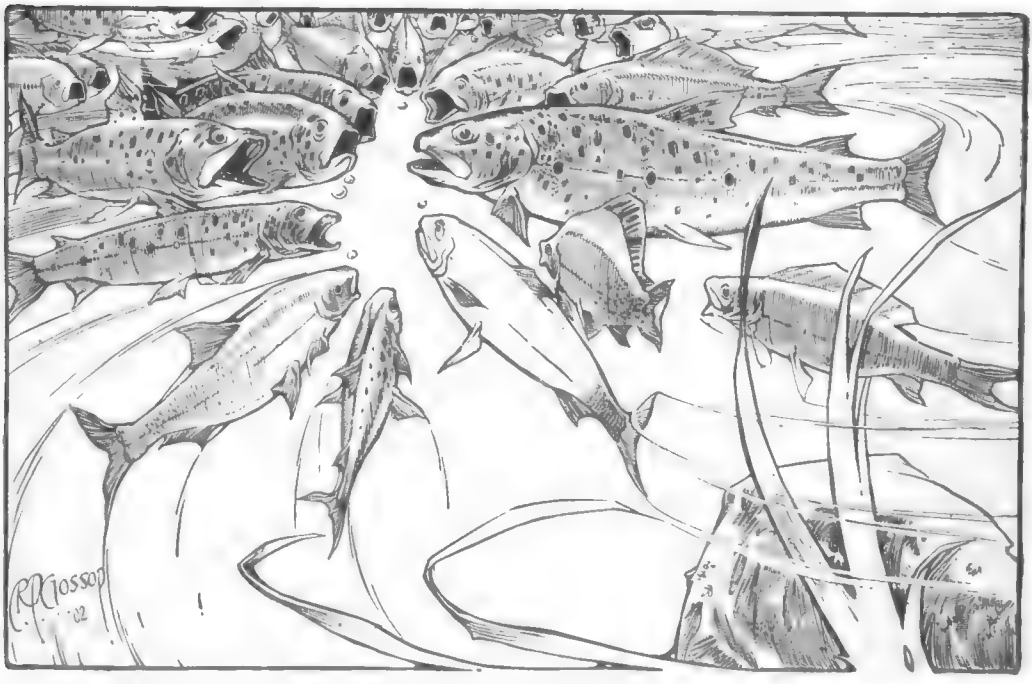
"Just so!" exclaimed the Superior One, nodding his head wisely. "She bungled the landing, eh?"

"No; that was not it! It was afterwards——"

The speaker paused and sucked in the water reflectively.

The others with difficulty gulped down their impatience.

"Yes; she landed me all right!" he continued. "That is to say, I found myself suddenly hoisted out of the water and dumped down upon the earth outside, where I lay wriggling in the meshes of that confounded net like an eel in a mud-bank! The



Its . . . . members . . . . regarded the speaker in gaping wonderment.

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bull-human, after depositing a long, tapering reed carefully upon the ground, came up quickly, and, seizing me with his tentacles or antennæ, forcibly removed the insect from the lining of my throat. He then flung me head foremost into a sort of box made out of woven rushes, and banged down the lid.

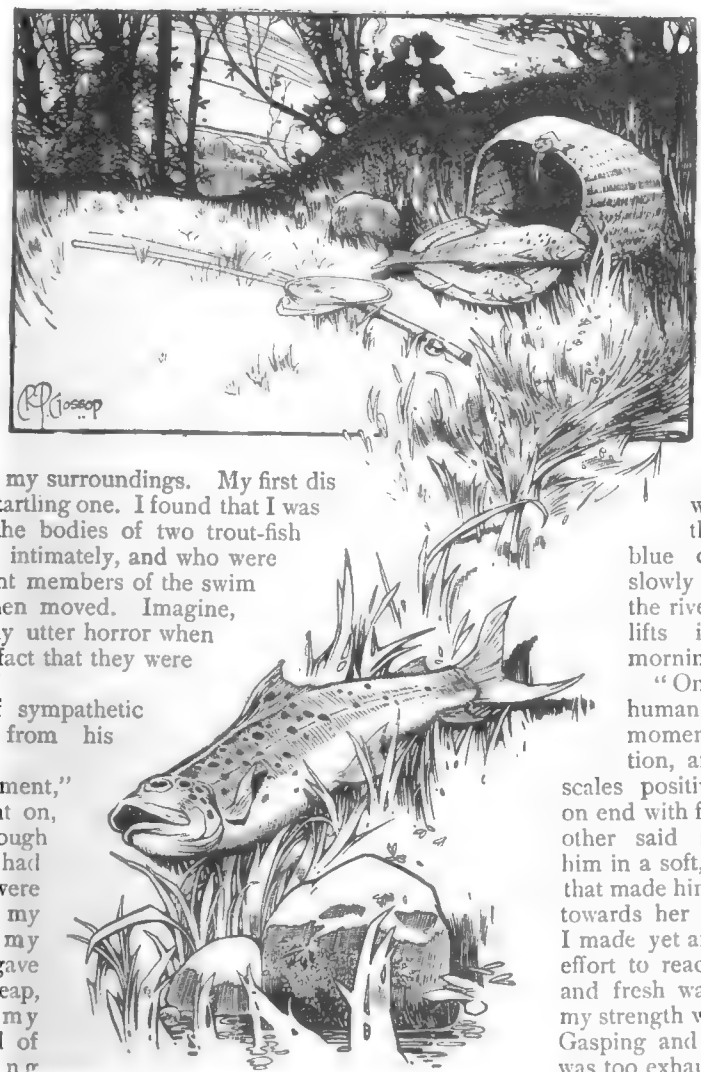
"Now, there was in this lid a small square opening which served to admit light into the interior; and as soon as I had recovered myself somewhat I began to take stock of my surroundings. My first discovery was a startling one. I found that I was lying across the bodies of two trout-fish whom I knew intimately, and who were both prominent members of the swim in which I then moved. Imagine, if you can, my utter horror when I realised the fact that they were —*both dead!*"

A volley of sympathetic gasps burst from his hearers.

"At that moment," the other went on, "I felt as though all the flies I had just eaten were crawling up my back. In my agitation I gave one mighty leap, overturned my prison, the lid of which swung open, and out I rolled upon the grass. Then a deadly sickness suddenly crept over me, and I seemed to be sinking right through myself, as it were.

"When I regained consciousness I was still lying in the same position, with the river gleaming only a few feet away, my captors seated upon a grassy knoll ten yards off, their backs turned towards me. Here was a chance to escape if I could but contrive to reach the water before they discovered me.

"I made one or two desperate efforts, gaining thereby a few inches; but my strength was well-nigh spent, and I was growing weaker and weaker with every mouthful of air I was forced to swallow. How I kept my eyes fixed upon those two humans! He had wound one of his tentacles round the middle of her body, while with the other he held to his mouth a bent piece of root, from which long, thin wreaths of blue cloud floated slowly upwards, like the river fog when it lifts in the early morning.



"If only my strength would last out."

"Once the bull-human looked for a moment in my direction, and I felt my scales positively standing on end with fright; but the other said something to him in a soft, cooing voice that made him turn quickly towards her again. Then I made yet another frantic effort to reach freedom—and fresh water! If only my strength would last out. Gasping and wriggling—I was too exhausted to jump—I worked my way slowly and painfully through the dry, stiff grass until I was within a minnow's length of the edge, when I heard a terrific roar, and glancing hastily behind me I saw that the bull-human had risen and was staring savagely at the overturned box thing I had just left.

"At the same moment the doe-human's

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eyes fell upon me. Then a strange thing happened.

"Uttering a queer little cry, she suddenly pointed towards a tall tuft of grass several yards further down the bank, and as the bull-human rushed towards it she got up, ran towards me, and with a murmur of pity, gently took me up in her soft warm antennæ, and *dropped me into the river!*"

The speaker's voice ceased suddenly. The swish of the water as it swept round the big stone, and the distant splash of a trout rising, were the only sounds audible in the stillness of the summer evening.

Presently the Elderly Trout broke the long-drawn silence.

"It was very remarkable," he said.

"Humph!" grunted the Superior One, "the most remarkable part, I think, was the folly of being caught like that."

"Yes," replied the Bony One. "And yet," he added, thoughtfully, "it is easy to be wise after the event."

"It is safer to be wise before!" squeaked the smart juvenile.

Slowly the eyes of the entire company swung round and focussed themselves upon the audacious youngster in one look of concentrated scorn. He beat a hasty and undignified retreat. The Elderly Trout murmured something about the desirability of "young flipper-flappers who had scarcely yet learned to paddle" being seen and not heard.

Just then the tiny point of blue made its reappearance and hovered temptingly over the shoal. The others did not appear to notice it. Only the Superior One eyed it furtively as it danced giddily in the patch of broken water above him. Suddenly there was a strong upward rush, and a second later the Superior Trout was struggling for dear life.

"Holy smoked salmon!" exclaimed the Journalistic Trout, "if His Knowingness hasn't actually gone and swallowed a devil-fly himself."

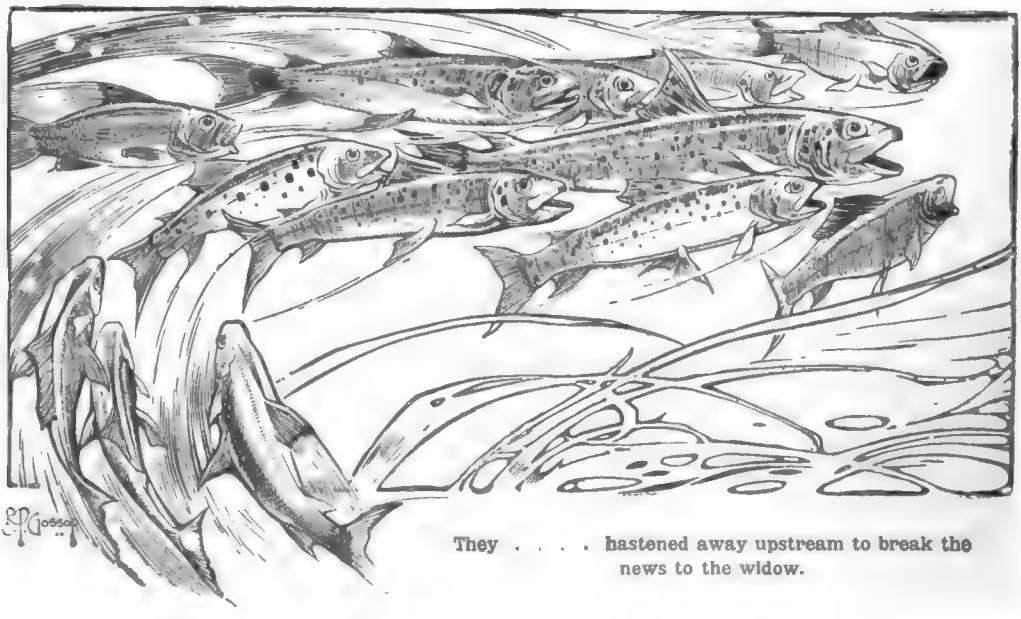
"Dear, dear! How very unfortunate!" remarked a sympathetic onlooker.

"Um—yes," said the other absently. He was looking at the matter from the *Fleet Stream* point of view, and weighing the value of "Another Case of Mistaken Identity" as a head-line for the forthcoming half-column in "The Run."

They heard the victim flapping desperately some yards off.

"Let us hope he may be as fortunate as I was," the Bony One murmured softly.

"It is more than he deserves," said the others. Then they wheeled swiftly and hastened away upstream to break the news to the widow.



They . . . . hastened away upstream to break the news to the widow.

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Pussy's Wash and Brush Up

By Reginald Maingay.

Illustrated with a Remarkable Series of Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield.

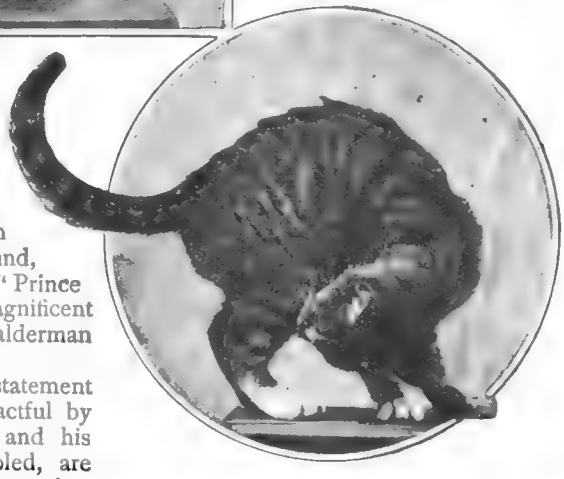
A difficult place to get at.

The dog is essentially a vulgarian: the cat is always genteel.

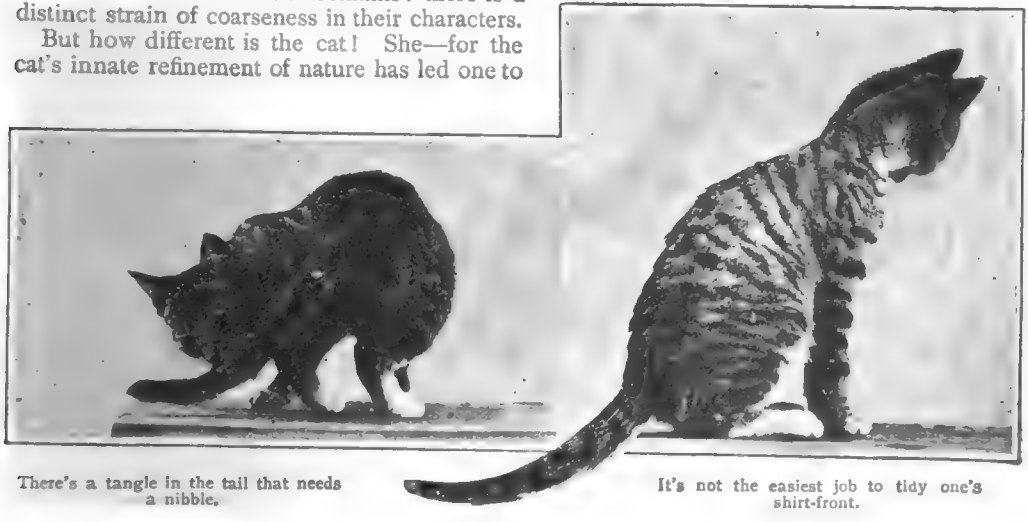
Of course there are qualifications to every statement, and far be it from me to assert that all dogs are vulgar, in the usual acceptance of the term. Certain varieties, such as the Scotch greyhound, the Newfoundland, and the little "Prince Charlie," are no more vulgar than the magnificent footman of a ducal residence, or a city alderman in all his splendour.

But in spite of all qualifications, the statement holds good: the dog is not refined and tactful by nature; he is, I fear, naturally unruly, and his manners, unless he be painfully schooled, are sadly wanting. Of course we love our dogs; they have a certain frank good-humour which no other animal possesses. They are perfect comrades. But all the same the fact remains: there is a distinct strain of coarseness in their characters.

But how different is the cat! She—for the cat's innate refinement of nature has led one to



Cleaning her back-legs.



There's a tangle in the tail that needs a nibble.

It's not the easiest job to tidy one's shirt-front.

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think of the whole species as feminine—she is well-bred, blandly reserved in manner, elegant of deportment, soft spoken (except in the excitement of midnight serenading), dignified, and, above all, scrupulously clean. And it is of her cleanliness I wish particularly to speak, for of all her qualities it is the most marked and the most deserving of respect.

To have nice clean feet is Pussy's ambition.

"It's easier to get at my throat if I sit up."

Pussy cleaning her face.

"No, I'm not praying."

The dog, I sadly fear, is painfully indifferent about his appearance. Pitch him into a muddy pool, he will scramble to land, roll about in the nearest plot of grass—to dry himself, please observe, not to clean himself—and then go on his way rejoicing, his fur thickly coated with mud.

On the other hand, throw merely a glassful of water at a cat; after a hiss and a scamper, she will retire with an air of injured dignity to a safe corner and start quietly tidying her ruffled coat. And be sure that she will never dream of going about her business again until she is fully satisfied with her appearance.

Imagine a dog doing anything else but lick his chops after a meal, and his reason for doing so, I dare wager, is not so much to clean his lips as to get a final taste of whatever he has been eating. For, among the innumerable canine vices,

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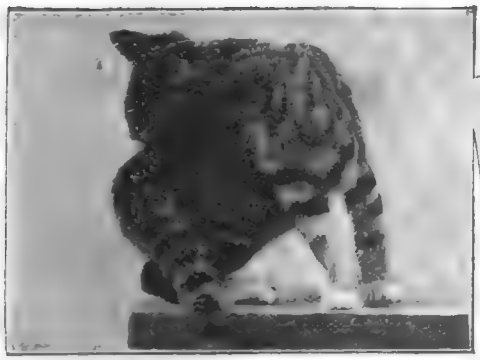
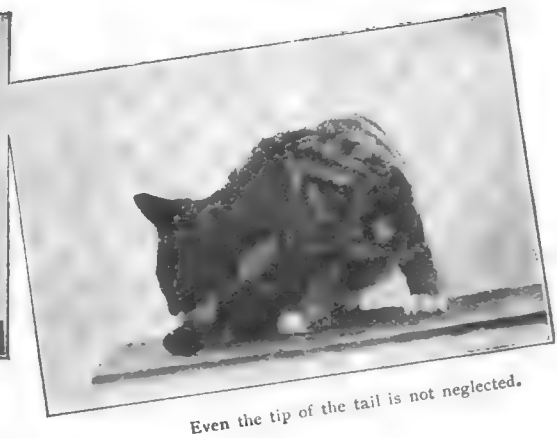


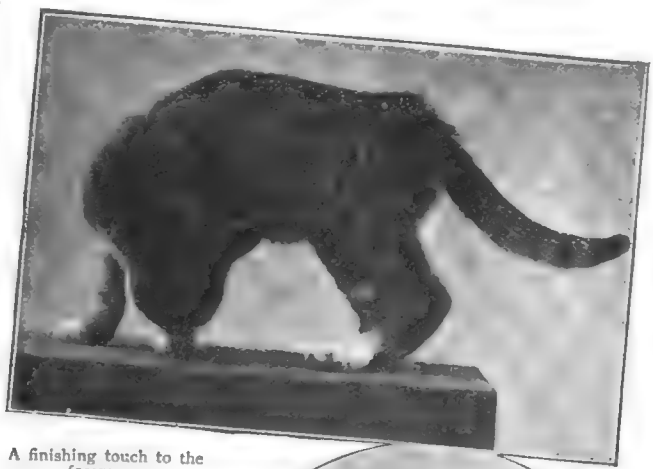
It's not everybody could lick the small of his back.



Even the tip of the tail is not neglected.

gluttony, I fear, is all too conspicuous.

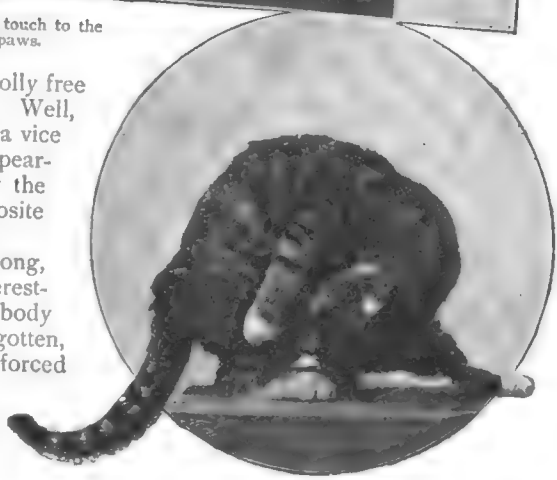
But a cat at the close of her dinner, which, by the way, she has eaten with the delicacy worthy of a duchess, retires and starts washing herself with amazing industry and thoroughness. She reminds one of nothing so much as a Dutch housewife giving her belongings their everyday scrub.



A finishing touch to the forepaws.

And while the dog's spare moments are devoted to heavy, graceless slumber, the cat improves the shining hour attending to her toilet. "Vanity!" you observe—you who have a sneaking affection for the vulgar animal—"vanity; a vice from which the dog is wholly free and to which the cat is an abject slave." Well, so be it! But really vanity is no longer a vice if it moves a person to take a pride in appearing invariably smart and clean. Surely the lack of vanity is the vice if it has the opposite effect.

And to watch pussy at one of these long, leisurely, and thorough toilets is very interesting and instructive. No portion of the body within possible reach of her tongue is forgotten, and no matter what contortions she is forced to assume in order to reach those spots which need attending to, her postures are always elegant and distinguished.



A final polish.

Now she has to touch up her throat; now a tangle in her tail needs attending to; now her paws call for a nibble; now her back, now her leg, now her chest, and now her cheeks have to be washed. It is only when pussy feels perfectly presentable, sleek, neat, and clean, that she selects a suitable corner, curls herself up into a comfortable, yet graceful, position, and enjoys a well-merited siesta.

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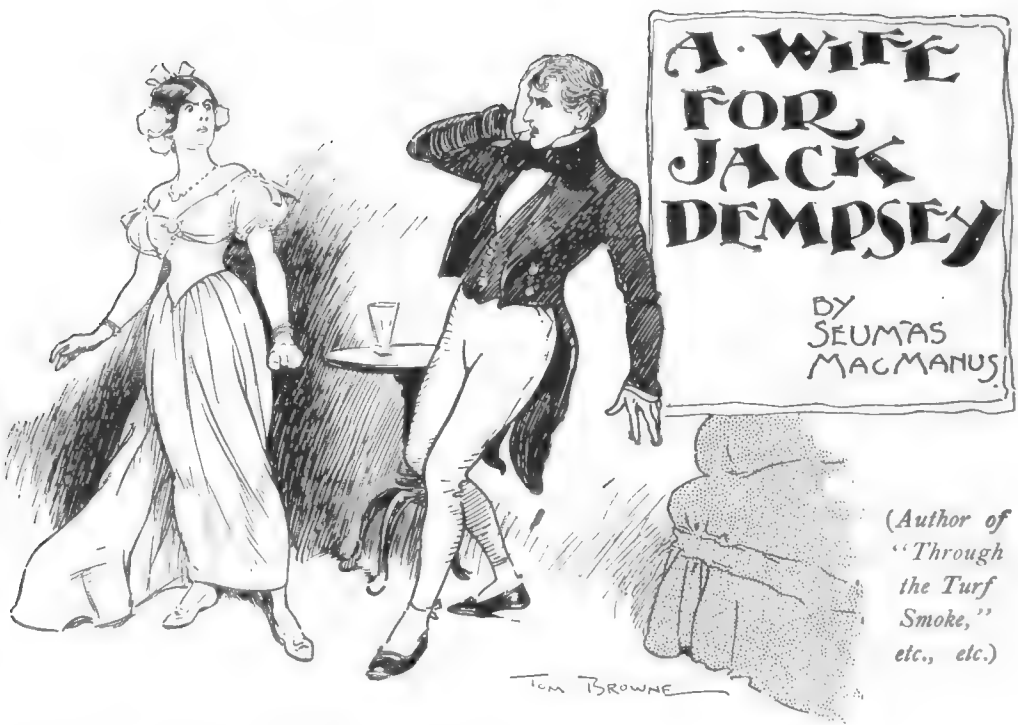

GETTING a wife for Jack was a wonderful thing, surely. These people that write stories would call it a wonderful romance. And so it is another proof that truth is stranger than fiction.

Yes, it is going to tell it I am, or why should I mention it? I am one of those chaps that doesn't believe in the humanity of dangling a carrot before a donkey's nose to make him go.

Jack's wife, as all of you know that have seen her, is able yet—with all her three score and ten of years—to show signs of having been an uncommon-looking woman in her day.

The day I talk about now is every year of fifty gone, if it is a month. And, Heaven help me, to look back, boys, it's wonderful how them fifty have chased one another.

It is half a dozen years, lads, since we drew the green quilt over Jack, and all of you know that a pretty doubled up old man and not worth much, he looked. At the time I talk of, Jack was in his prime, about seven or eight and twenty years of age. He was as straight as a spear, and as strong as a tower, and about as handsome as any bit of God's handiwork that it was my pleasure to see before or since, and had all the dash and spirit which every young Irishman has when he allows his heart to play at ninepins with his head.

His poor father he died the very year Jack came of age, and his mother he never remembered at all, at all, for he was in the cradle when she went. And his father, when he gave up the ghost, left Jack all the lands of Brenter and half of Cruach—with more hoofs on them than a schoolmaster might count of a Saturday—and didn't leave him anyways ill-off for hard cash, moreover.

And as Jack was ever the broth of a boy, never kept his heart in his purse, loved a laugh and a lark and a jolly companion, and had a loose foot and a fellow for it, I can assure you the world wasn't all winter to him.

With all this it astonished the boys to see the grief was with him for the first twelve months after his poor father died. And people saw that, with all his gaiety and light-heartedness, there was a man with a heart—and a good one—underneath Jack Dempsey's skin.

He was a bit wild, there is no doubt of it—some went so far as to say reckless—but he

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was that charitable that he would give the shirt off his back to a poor man. And his worst enemy—if he had such—never mentioned meanness and the name of Jack Dempsey in the one breath.

Well and good. When Jack's father was out of the road, and Jack himself had come into all his wealth, he was, as you may well suppose, looked upon by all the match-making mothers of some means in the country as a fine catch. And every one of them just knew the very girl that would suit him; and his poor father was not yet cold in the grave when these women were, like so many spiders, busy spinning webs, and trying to draw him into them. But Jack, brave boy, it was well he saw through them, and he turned up his nose at every fine daughter that was thrown at him.

He followed his own bent, did Jack, and, for as much as he was not only as handsome as I tell ye, but had likewise the real deludhering way with him among the women, and, moreover, treated the poorest pretty girl in the country-side as if she was a queen's daughter, he had more girls than you might wag a stick at of a midsummer day.

I will admit that the average run of the girls in this country, the day, isn't half bad; but in them days there was as plentiful a crop of pretty girls in Banagh as you would find between the four seas—and further. They were a delight to look at, and the man who couldn't pick to his pleasement among them deserved transportation to Timbuctoo, and a nigger woman at the end of it.

And of these pretty ones, I am keeping well within the truth, boys, when I say that Bridget Durneen, who was both barmaid and manager of the "Boar Hound" for Lanty O'Callaghan, was not the least winsome by a very long chalk. And far and above that, she was not one of these girls that shows their whole stock in the window. Bridget's good qualities, to them that knew her, were as good as her good looks, if not better. She had been orphaned from when she was fifteen, but she faced the world, and fought it, and always, by God's grace, came out on top.

With this Bridget, as you may guess, Jack Dempsey loved his joke and a half-hour's crack. At the "Boar Hound" he always put up when he come into town—which was pretty often. And he gathered in his comrades and spent there many a merry evening. Jack, he paid his attentions to Bridget as he would to any other pretty girl, if he met her on Popocatapetl, and, of course, had no more serious intentions, or any more mind of marrying, than he had of driving to the next horse market in the moon.

The first thought of settling down had not come to trouble his head, yet. And, for her part, Bridget, though she had come to find out the fine qualities he had under his humbug, had no more bothered her head about him than about the poorest boy in the parish, or given him one smile more.

But, behold ye, there was a Patrick's night come round, and Jack and the boys had got up a dacent bit of a dance. Everyone fetched a girl to it, and Jack, he fetched Bridget Durneen; and a rattling fine night it was, with no end of innocent fun and enjoyment. And there was not a light-hearteder, nor a gayer, nor, maybe—if I said it—a prettier, girl there than Bridget. And Jack, he was in fine merry form himself, and pleased and proud he was to see Bridget look so well.

And tor'st morning, when the dance should be near about breaking up, Jack had taken Bridget into a little screened-off refreshment place, where he was getting her a bottle of lemonade.

Bridget joked and laughed heartily with him over the fun of the night, and Jack, as was not an uncommon thing with him, begun flirting her; and everything he said she bid him back with a witty answer. And, as they were about to get up and leave, Jack he had his arm round her as quick as I could say it, and kissed her.

And before he knew where he was he was stung across the eyes with a slap of her open hand that showed him more stars than ever grew in the sky. She had drawn herself from him, and drawn herself up, looking scorn enough at him to scorch his soul, and the colours chasing each other through her face, like shadows and sunshine over a cornfield on a windy day.

Poor Jack, in wonder, dropped into a seat dumfoundered; and, with another scathing look she swept past him, and was gone out, alone, before he gathered his wits; and she had got on her cape and her hat, and got her cousin, Dan Moroney of the Hillhead, to leave her home.

When Jack had gathered himself together he hurried after her to the "Boar Hound," and, like the manly fellow he was, showed his sorrow, and offered his apologies, which she listened to, like a lady, and thanked him, and wished him good-night politely.

You never, in all your life, saw as dumfoundered a lad as Jack was for a week and a day after that passage.

"By gum," he acknowledged to the boys

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when they twitted him, "my opinion of Bridget Durneen was never small, but now it has gone up into the ninety-nines. She is a girl in a thousand, she is."

"That's right, Jack," the boys said, "it's proper for ye to pretend to take it that way."

"Pretend!" says Jack. "No, I'll prove it; for," said he, electrifying the audience with the announcement, "*I'm going to make that girl Mrs. Dempsey!*"

Sudden and extraordinary as the announcement was there was not a man of them who doubted but he meant it; for it was ever his way to do extraordinary things sudden, and it was ever his way, also, to keep his word, or bre'k his neck in the attempt, if he proposed to hand ye down a star—that was Jack. So it was small wonder he astonished his audience.

"And," he said, "I'm going to bre'k the news to her the morrow evening, boys. I want you not to think that this is one of my mad fits, done in a sudden, to be wrought out in sorrow. There was never any girl I thought as much of as Bridget; though I never wakened to this, myself, till I got that slap across the face from her. A stunning fine wife she'll make, boys. And you fellows had better make the most you can of Jack Dempsey now, for he'll soon be a changed man, and it's little you'll see of him in bar parlours."

"Do you mean to say," says one of the boys, "that you haven't talked to Bridget herself on the subject yet?"

"Not yet, not yet," says Jack, says he, "that's all right, and will be time enough."

It was just like Jack's assurance, and the boys whistled.

The next morning as he had to ride over to Donegal on business, he killed two birds with one stone, by dropping in also with Father Phil, and getting the marriage license and arranging for the event to take place on the second morning after.

Then, in the evening, when he got home, and had his dinner, and a look over the farm, to see that all was going well, leaving all orders with old Maurice Higgins, who was his land steward, he rode off to the "Boar Hound."

He handed over his horse to the *buachaill* when he arrived, and walked right straight through the house, out of one room and into the other, looking for Bridget.

It was in the kitchen he found her, where she was standing over Mary Hannigan to see that Mary properly plucked a pair of geese she had killed.

And, "Bridget," says he, taking her hand and giving it a warm shake, "I have been looking for you all over the house."

"Which was very foolish," said Bridget, a wee bit tart, "for I'm never in more than one place at a time. And now you see me I hope you are satisfied?"

"Bridget," says he soothingly, "let us forgive and forget all old scores. I am come to take you to the Mullinafad concert to-night."

For, sure enough, that very night there was to be a great concert and a play, in which Bridget was to take part, in Eamon Mor's barn, of Mullinafad.

"It's a kind thought, indeed," says she. "And you'll have my thanks, but not myself—for Dan Moroney has me bespoke."

"And," says he, not minding this much, "I have come to ask for your congratulations."

"On what, I would like to know, am I to congratulate you, Mr. Dempsey?"

"On going to get married," says he, "and I have come to bid you to the wedding."

"Oh, indeed," says Bridget.

Mary Hannigan said, after, that Bridget looked just the slightest wee bit taken aback.

"I thank you heartily. And, may I ask, who is the happy woman?"

"She's one you know well," says he, "and I'll give you three guesses."

But poor Bridget shook her head, and she said:

"Oh, not a one of me could guess. Tell me who she is, for I should hope that you would get a good wife."

"I am going to get," says Jack, says he, "the best wife in the County Donegal, and you'll acknowledge that yourself when you hear who she is."

Says she: "I'm happy to know it, and I'm anxious to hear her name."

"Well, her name," says he, "is Bridget Durneen. You are the girl herself. Tell me what you think of my choice."

"Mr. Dempsey," says Bridget, "I wish you would sometimes have less joke and more truth with ye. Can't you tell me who the woman is? Or are you going to get married at all?"

"Upon my solemn veracity, Bridget, it's the downright truth I'm telling ye now."

"Botheration!" says she. "Get out of my way till I get to my work. I might have known there was nothing in it."

"Hold on a minute," says he, "and if my word doesn't convince you let the scrape of Father Phil's pen do so. There you are, and read that."

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And when Bridget looked into the license and saw her own name, with his in it, for marriage, she got pale to her lips and she said: "I thought you were a gentleman, Mr. Dempsey; but this is no gentleman's joke."

"Oh, Bridget, Bridget," says he, "sure there isn't a joke at all in it. It's dead downright earnest, the Lord knows. Please God—and you—we'll be married the morrow morning." And, seeing Bridget draw herself up and look mighty terrible, as he said this, he added: "Sure it isn't refuse me you would do, Bridget Durneen?"

Says she, straight back to him, in as cutting a voice as she was capable of: "To refuse you, Jack Dempsey, you haven't given me the chance; but, lest you might be tempted to put yourself in the way of another slap in the face," says she, "don't have the impertinence to give me the chance. And now, sir," said she, "allow me to attend to my business. Good evening."

And off she went, leaving Jack, dumfoundered, standing there in the middle of the kitchen with Mary Hannigan and a swirl of goose feathers.

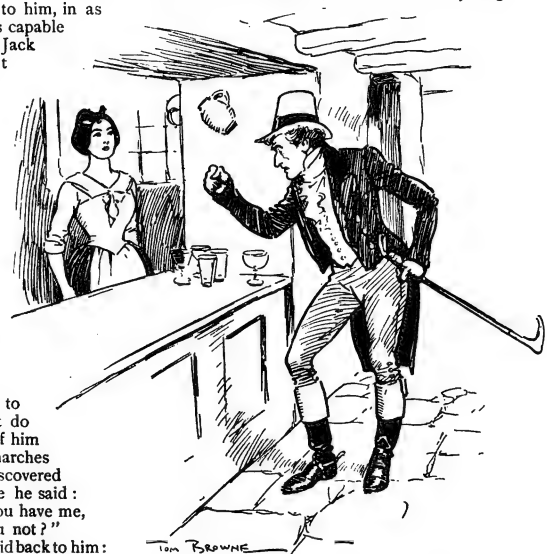
And when he came to himself—which he didn't do in a minute—the eyes of him began to blaze, and he marches off after Bridget, till he discovered her in the bar, and there he said: "Bridget Durneen, do you have me, Jack Dempsey, or do you not?"

And Bridget Durneen said back to him: "Jack Dempsey, there is the door. Go!"

Said he then: "This is Tuesday night. Before I left home I sent a message to Father Hugh M'Neilly to be in the Cross-roads chapel to marry me, at half-past eight in the morning of the day after the morrow, and if you think that Jack Dempsey is going to bre'k off his marriage on account of Bridget Durneen you are sadly mistaken; for," says he, fetching his fist down hard on the bar counter, and making Bridget Durneen and the glasses, jump, "*by all the powers, the first girl I meet the morrow morning, be she beggar or pauper, her I will marry.*" And he gave Bridget a nod, and marched out.

And Bridget Durneen knew enough of Jack Dempsey to know that he meant what he said, and that he would keep his word though he should suffer for it all his life after.

And when she was telling Dan Moroney, when he came in straight after, and found her—what no one had ever found her before—in tears, the mad thing that Jack Dempsey was about to do with himself, she confessed that it was not for the way she had been insulted she cried, at all, but just for Jack Dempsey's sake; for, though she had never said it nor shown it, there was not a young man ever she had met that she thought so much or so highly of, in her heart, as the same Jack; for she knew the good heart, and generous and gentlemanly one, he had underneath all his foolishness and eccentricities, and now he was going to ruin his life.



"By all the powers, the first girl I meet the morrow morning, be she beggar or pauper, her I will marry."

Well, that fared well—as they say in the stories—and it didn't fare ill. And Jack Dempsey rode home a purty mad man, and a determined one.

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The news was before him here that his Uncle Richard, up in Tyrone, five-and-thirty miles away, was waiting on death, and that, though Jack had fallen out with him, and given him the go-by five years before, the uncle, who was a very rich man, was now making his will in his favour, and was wanting to see him before he would die. And Jack told Maurice Higgins to call him at four o'clock in the morning, and have the bay filly saddled, and he would ride off.

And at half-past four the next morning, when there was no other light than starlight in the sky, and would not be for two hours to come, Maurice Higgins was letting Jack out of his own gate, and closing the gate after him. "Maurice," says Jack, says he, turning his horse on the road, and calling after Maurice.

"Well, sir?" says Maurice.

"I am going to be married the morrow morning, Maurice, at half-past eight o'clock."

"Lord bless us, sir!" says Maurice.

"At half-past eight o'clock, I say," said Jack sternly. "Father Hugh M'Neilly is to marry me in his own house, for I wanted the thing quiet. I hadn't time to ask the boys and girls," he added. "You will go and ask them to-day, after you get your breakfast, so as to give them plenty of time to prepare. You know the boys and girls I would like to see. Ask ten couples of them—that'll be plenty—and be very sure that Bridget Durneen is one of the parties asked. They are to go to Father Hugh's, tell them, and to be there in good time. I will ride back, and I'll join them there on the stroke of half-past eight—if not earlier. If the wife's there before me they are to be good to her till I come."

"For mercy's sake, sir," says Maurice, says he, in consternation, "who is the wife going to be?"

"Higgins," says he, "I don't know who she's to be—and I don't care. You have got your orders, do them, and mind your own business."

Then Jack had turned his horse again and was away with himself.

He had only reached the Munterdoney cross roads, two miles from home, when in the dark he thought he was meeting someone. But before he had met them they turned down the Cuilcam Road. They were, evidently, a courting boy and girl coming home from a dance after its break-up in the morning.

"Hagh!" says he.

But behold ye, when he took his eyes off them, and looked ahead again, here was a single individual coming after them, towards him.

"A woman, too, by all that's mighty!" says he. "The devil evidently doesn't mean to give me a long lease."

She seemed to

"Excuse my impertinence," says Jack. "May I ask who you are?"

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get close under the shadow of the hedge as he came up.

He bent down and peered into the shadow, to see if he could see what sort his wife was going to be. It was starlight, as I said before, and he gathered to his satisfaction, anyhow, or his dissatisfaction—if ye like it that way better—that she was a stout, sturdy, rough and healthy farmer's daughter, that knew how to rear pigs, even if she couldn't play the piano, wearing no hat on her head, which was well enough covered with a load of yellow hair, but just a bit of a plaid shawl about her shoulders, and a ribbon about her neck, and in short skirts and brogues.

"Good-night," says he. "And are you coming home from your spree?"

"Good-night," says she, "I am," and she wanted to move on.

"Excuse my impertinence," says Jack. "May I ask who you are?"

But she didn't seem too ready with her answer.

"I have a reason for it," says he.

Says she: "I'm Molly Maglone of the Long Bog, the turf-cutter's daughter,"

Jack, in his life before, had never heard tell of the Long Bog, or of the turf-cutter's daughter—but no matter.

"Ho, ho," says he that way to himself, "we'll not starve in the winter, anyhow." Says he: "Do you know who I am?"

Says she: "You are Mr. Dempsey, of Shannagh Big House, aren't you?"

"That's me," says he; "and why I have stopped you is," says he, "I am looking for a wife, and I wish to know will you marry me? See how early I have come out looking for you."

"Oh, Mr. Dempsey," says she, "I always heard tell of you as a great joker, but it isn't worth your while to be joking the turf-cutter's daughter at this hour of the morning. I am hurrying after my company. That boy and girl I was with," says she, "wanted to have a wee chat of their own, and I dropped behind them."

Says he: "Yet in case I was not joking, would you marry me?"

She hesitated just a minute; but next minute she answers him: "Would a duck swim if you threw it into water?"

Without saying anything more he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out some small little thing rolled up.

"And," says he, "here's a ring. If I put it on ye, will ye promise to meet me at Father Hugh M'Neilly's the morrow morning at half-past eight o'clock?"

"Oh, now, Mr. Dempsey," says she.

"Will ye promise me," says he, "or will ye not?"

Her eyes were starting; but, "With a heart and a half," says she, "I'll promise ye that."

"Hold up your finger," says Jack, says he, "till I put the ring on it."

Then he drew out his pocket-book, and he drew some notes from it, and, says he: "Here's a couple of five-pound notes. I want you to get some dacent duds for yourself with them the day. Will you mind the place and the time?" says he.

Says she: "What do you take me for? I wish you were as sure of Heaven as of me being there in time."

"Then good-bye," says he. And he was off.

"I suppose," says Jack to himself, "she expected I would kiss her? But—" poor Jack gave his shoulders a shrug and his horse a spur.

And for all they were bitter laughs, it's many's the chuckle he gave to himself that morning as he rode into Tyrone.

"The turf-cutter's daughter! Ho, ho!" says he. "Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter! It has a fine sound, troth, and, no doubt, will amuse the boys. But for all that, the first man of them sneezes at her, I will break his neck in more places than one doctor might mend in a lifetime. Well, well, Jack Dempsey," says he, "ye have fared far and lingered long, but you're mated at last—to Molly Maglone! the turf-cutter's daughter! from the Long Bog!—ay, from the Long Bog!" says he, that way. "A high-sounding place for a summer residence."

He reached Tyrone and his Uncle Richard's place timely. And it was glad the Uncle Richard was to see him; for he always used to dote upon Jack, and, though he fell out with him, he never lost his fondness. And now he made his will, and left Jack every penny—every head and horn, stick and stave that he owned. And I assure you, boys, that if yourselves and myself had the same fortune this night, we might never dread the workhouse.

It was calmly that Jack took it, though; for, true enough, poor fellow, his heart was never in the money. And he only said—and to himself he said it, of course—"That's a fine windfall for the turf-cutter's daughter."

His Uncle Richard was purty far through, but the doctor allowed he might live a week yet. And Jack was glad to know this, for it made it the more easy for him to excuse himself, and start off again that night, telling the uncle

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that he had a most urgent business before him in the morning, but that he would be back within two days. And off he set again a couple of hours after nightfall, and was at home, and had Maurice Higgins out of his bed, and making a breakfast for him, before the stars were off the sky.

He packed Maurice off first to Briany Mullan's, the tailor's, for the new frock he had getting made there, and then off to Father Phil's, to Donegal, with the license, requesting Father Phil to scrape out the name of Bridget Durneen, and put into it Molly Maglone instead. And he got himself into his best toggery, and dressed himself better and finer, and with more particular care, than ever he had done in his life afore.

He fitted up Maurice, too, as soon as he come back, in his second best suit, though, as he was a tall and stout man himself, and Maurice was a short and thin man, poor Maurice, when he was fitted in it, didn't look one bit of a dandy, I can tell you. And he fetched him with him to act as his best man. And off the both of them started for Father Hugh's, and got there when it was close upon the hinges of the half-past eight. And Father Hugh met them at the door and made them welcome, and took them in into his parlour, where, sure enough, there, before them, was the gathering of boys and girls, every mother's son of them, that Maurice had invited.

The only one that had not arrived yet, when he cast his eye round and bid them good morning, was, he saw, the turf-cutter's daughter. She got delayed somehow, for he no more doubted her coming, of course, than that there was a head on his body.

"Father Hugh," says he, "and boys and girls, I observe the wife hasn't come to the scratch yet. But it is yet five minutes within the time, and we'll give her five minutes' grace."

There was terrible fidgeting and curiosity amongst the boys and girls. And no: the least curious of all was Father Hugh himself. For it was the most wonderful thing they had ever heard tell of, and it was just like the devil that was in Jack Dempsey to do. And they one and all wondered, in whispers amongst themselves, who the dickens Jack's intended wife was, or what the sorra she was like, anyhow, and they could hardly keep their seats for the impatience.

"Maurice Higgins," says Jack, says he, after five minutes, "would you go out and look up and down the road, and see if you would see a lassie coming—a stout, strapping agricultural girl, with a head of hair the colour of them window blinds of Father Hugh's."

And Maurice went off and was not right away till he was in again, and said there was a gathering of agricultural-looking girls of all classes, with heads of hair all the colours of the rainbow, gathered at the gate without to see the wedding, and which of them was her Maurice couldn't rightly tell.

"Them's not girls come to see the wedding," says Jack, says he, "but one of them's the one we're waiting on, and the others are her friends and bridesmaids. They are waiting to be asked in. Go out," says he, "and, with Father Hugh's leave, drive them into the room here."

"Surely, surely," says Father Hugh, says he, for he had a regular market-house of a room that was fit to hold a regiment.

So Maurice went out, and he told them that the master and Father Hugh, and the groom's party was waiting on them inside. And he flocked them in afore him, and they filed into the room—agricultural girls of all shapes and sizes, and, as Maurice had rightly said, every pattern of hair.

Now, when they came in, Jack, though he recognised all the neighbours that were among them, didn't know one from the other of the strangers, and couldn't say, at a glance, which of them was the girl to whom he spoke in the dark last night. But I suppose he hoped in his heart, anyhow, that it would not be one of the very ugliest of them.

"Now, Father Hugh," says Jack, says he, "I think it's time to begin business."

So he walked up himself and he called up Maurice Higgins—his best man—to stand by him, and he whispered to Father Hugh.

And Father Hugh looked a bit upset for a minute, and says he: "I don't know the name, and I doubt she doesn't belong to this parish. She is one of Father Mat Carney's flock, I'll wager." And then, lifting his head, he called out: "Is Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter of the Long Bog, amongst ye?"

And half-a-dozen of them—of the groom's own party, too—spoke up, and says: "She is."

And the titter got up and grew, and went round the room again. And the thunder and lightning began to look out of Jack Dempsey's eyes.

"Then," says Father Hugh, "why, in the name of patience, doesn't she drop her bashfulness, and step for'ard?"

"Here she is," says Billy Blaney and Mick M'Addle, laying their hands upon and shoving out of the crowd, a fine, sturdy girl.

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"This," says the two lads, "is Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter. We will vouch for her, for that is the part she took in the play last night at the Mullinafad concert, and that's the part she danced in in the dance afterwards. That's the part she came there dressed in, and the part she went home dressed in—for we had no dressing-room at Mullinafad—and her better-known name," says they, "is, as you know, Bridget Durneen, of the 'Boar's Head.'"

If there was ever a really astounded man stood in shoe leather in my day, that man was Jack Dempsey, then and there. He was an astounded man one minute and the heartiest pleased-looking man that ever my two eyes saw the next minute.

"Bridget Durneen," says he, coming forward, "if I was being taken up to Heaven in a hand-basket I would step out of it, for the delight of this."

Says Bridget, says she: "Thank you."

And she was neither laughing nor blushing, but looking very ladylike now. She took a ring off her finger, and says she, handing it to him: "This doesn't belong to me. He gave it to me in mistake in the dark last night."

"But, Bridget," says he, taking hold of her hand, "won't you, won't you, I beg of you, won't you allow me, now, in the full light of day, and in the eyes of Father Hugh, and the fifth of his parish, allow me to give it to you again without a mistake?"

And with just the faintest wee bit of a struggle against it, Bridget let the ring go on!

On that very day month, again, all of us gathered in the same room at the marriage of Jack and Bridget, and a handsomer couple, or a happier, never walked out of that room before. And—for Jack was a reformed and a new man from the day of his engagement till the day of his death—a happier couple never lived, after—as they might tell ye in the stories, but was pure fact here—than Mr. Jack Dempsey and his missus, the Turf-cutter's Daughter.

"This is Molly Maglone, the turf-cutter's daughter."

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THE BITERS BIT.

A Story of Girls and Gold.

By Douglas Walshe.

One day in North Alaska (where the climate's rather cold)
A Wandering Prospector made a lucky find of gold.
He didn't get excited, but he wrote his bearings down,
And went for food and partners to the nearest "mush-room" town.

This Wandering Prospector—known to intimates as Pete—
Discussed a deed of partnership in language none too sweet
With Mat P. Smith and Lanky Sam, two gents of doubtful fame,
And finally arranged with them to start when summer came.

And after frightful hardships, which were swearingly forborne,
And difficulties vanquished with a flood of scarlet scorn,
They reached their Eldorado. This enduring little band
Saluted with a loud "Hurrah" their hard-won promised land.

The cheer was not repeated, but a most emphatic "Drat!"
Escaped the disappointed lips of Pete, and Sam, and Mat.
Approaching circumspectly were three figures clad in furs,
Said Sam: "Those chaps have sold us, boys." Said Mat: "Those chaps are—*hers*."

And Mat was right, dear reader! Will you let me introduce
The first three women miners—Ada, Kate, and Mary Bruce?—
Three sisters who had laboured with indifferent success
Respectively as typist, lady-clerk, and governess.

Three sisters who had kicked against the wretched lives they led;
Who saw that Woman earns to-day's, but not to-morrow's, bread;
Who bitterly resented Miss Fortuna's playful plan
Of frowning on her sisters, while she gave her smiles to Man.

Who, therefore, went as miners on a search for affluence,
And hit by intuition—which is Woman's extra sense—
On Pete's own pet discovery, and knowing naught about
His previous arrival there, had calmly "cleaned it out."

Now bold, bad desperadoes such as Pete, and Sam, and Mat,
Could hardly be expected to endure a thing like that.
They guessed the situation, and awaited no excuse,
But covered with their shooting-irons the artless sisters Bruce.

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The ladies were astonished, but they held their hands up high,
And swore they had no weapons (which, dear reader, was a lie;
But women facing firearms get so terribly alarmed,
The pretty, flustered sisters quite forgot that they were armed).

Believing them, the gentlemen their pistols put away;
And Mat informed them sweetly that his mates had come to stay;
While Pete inquired politely—had they used a certain soap?
And Sam remarked "Good morning! You can leave our gold and slope."

Then Ada answered bravely: "What we have we mean to hold,"
And Mary said: "It's cowardly to steal a woman's gold!
But since you seem to want the place we'll very gladly fly,
If you will give us half your gold and half your food supply.

"We came, you see, believing that a million each would do;
But when we had our million, well, we rather fancied two;
And so we went on mining, but we stupidly forgot
Our food was strictly limited in this unfertile spot.

"Our labours were engrossing, and one day we woke to find
That all we had for breakfast was a piece of bacon rind!
Conceive our consternation! Only grass and gold to eat—
And healthy Arctic appetites a-clamouring for meat!

"Necessity and hunger overcome such things as taste.
We killed and cooked and ate a dog with most indecent haste.
And when our plates were emptied, we sat and cried and cried—
But very shortly afterwards another doggy died.

"With dogs—er—well decreasing we could only struggle through
By leaving all our gold behind, and that we could *not* do;
And so we sat and waited, on the chance that someone might
Arrive before our dear, dumb friends were all put out of sight."

The speaker ceased. Sam, Pete, and Mat conferred a space apart.
Then Pete addressed the ladies: "There's our traps, you'd better start
And cook yourselves and us a meal, while we discuss what we
Can do to help you on your way—and what our charge will be."

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The ladies cooked; the men conversed in lowered tones aside;
And Mary caught by chance the words "a bullet . . . then divide."
She whispered to her sisters "They are making up a plot
To share our gold amongst themselves when we have all been shot."

The ladies paled, but suddenly a thought occurred to Kate.
She softly said: "Their evil plans we'll easily frustrate.
They startled us, and we forgot a pistol each we had;
Let's pull them out, and shout 'Hands up, you villains, bold and bad.'"

"But," Mary asked despondently, "pray how are we to load?
We've never carried cartridges for fear they might explode."
"No matter," Kate said scornfully, "they're such a craven lot,
That when they see our weapons they'll surrender on the spot."

It happened as she prophesied. Without undue delay
Sam, Pete, and Mat surrendered in a shamefaced, sulky way;
And after their revolvers had been given up to Kate
The ladies held a council to decide their captives' fate.

The consultation ended. Ada said: "You must admit
We're perfectly entitled, sirs, to shoot you where you sit.
But better feelings sway us, and your plotting we forgive;
We know how you were tempted, and we'll kindly let you live.

"We see that had you given us the half of all your stuff
To stay and mind, and then return, you'd not have had enough;
And so, to compensate you, since your goods we *must* acquire,
We'll give you half our fortunes for the things which we desire.

"We see that we were gluttons, and we'll make *one* million do,
And give you each a million if you'll take us back with you."
Pete answered: "You are generous. We thankfully consent.
We'll all return together, Miss"—and off at once they went.

Dear reader, don't be critical and say the ending's tame.
You think they should have married, and I own I think the same.
But then, you see, dear reader, 'tis a very lengthy song,
And if I stayed to marry them it would be far too long.

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CAP AND BELLS

When a fish is wounded the other fishes fall upon and devour him. So it is with mankind—the moment a man or woman gets going downhill almost everybody gives them a push, and keeps them constantly tumbling. Human nature has many singular phases, and this is one of them.

* * * * *

A Surprise.

"What made you seem so upset the day we became engaged? You knew I was going to propose—didn't you?"

"Oh! Dear me, yes! But I had no idea I was going to accept you!"

* * * *

EAT AND BE MERRY.

Delicate Gent (to Sporting Gent at restaurant table): "Excuse me, sir, do you mind my eating while you smoke?"

* * * *

The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

* * * * *

Extreme Simplicity.

A countryman took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it. "That's cool," exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was ice in it."

LOVE PER FOUNTAIN PEN.

The Reply:

Dearest, I take my fountain pen
To tell you that (may blessings light
On this invention. Tho' it needs
A man of sense to use it right).

To tell you that I think your scrawl
Was shocking bad (it would appear
You failed to screw the nozzle tight—
You see *I* never make a smear).

I never smear because I read
The full directions given; whilst you,
Conceited darling that you are,
Fondly imagined that you knew.

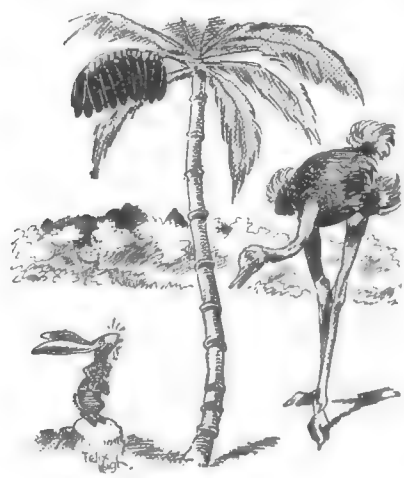
Then never dare to send again
A scrawl so shocking to your Hen-
Rietta. Learn its ways before
You use the blessed fountain pen.

* * * * *

He: "Quick! Quick! Give me your hand!"

She (coming up the last time): "Oh, this is so—so sudden!"

* * * * *



The Ostrich: "Wouldn't you like to borrow my legs for five minutes?"

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QUEER, ISN'T IT?

TOM: "It's hard to drive anything into Gidboy's head."

DICK: "It shouldn't be."

TOM: "Why?"

DICK: "His head is so soft."

* * *

FALSE REPORTS.

Loud and clear the reports rang out on the night air.

Bang! Bang! Bang-ety-bang! Bang! Bang!

Had the enemy been overtaken and the battle started? Not quite. The enemy was cute and had left behind a few tyre destroyers in the shape of tacks, which the cycling squad ran foul of. That was all.

* * * *

A BIG CATCH.

"Caught anything, sonny?"
"Well, I should say so! Just look at that collection!"

FOOTBALL NOTES.

The Cup Tie.

If the unexpected did not happen pretty often, some of us would be very much disappointed.

* * *

AFTER THE WEDDING.

Bridegroom: "Fifteen shillings? Why, you promised to take us to the station for three."

Cabby: "So Oi did, sorr. The other twilve wus fer this loomp on me hid phwere wan if th' weddin' guests hit me wi' an old shoe."

* * *

DISTRIBUTED.

SUMMER: "Why did you leave the seaside so soon?"

CLERKER: "Well, I went there for rest and change, and the hotel waiters got all the change and the landlord got the rest, so I came home!"

* * * * *

A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED.

ELSIE: "She is a model wife."

EFFIE: "Yes—but a '95 model."

* * * * * * * *

YET IT'S THE SAME THING.

When Brown met charming Effie Smith,
And wooed her in impassioned style,
She used to tell herself he had
"A winning smile."

That's quite ten years ago, and now—
Which shows romance is wearing thin—
She asks her husband not to wear
"That silly grin."

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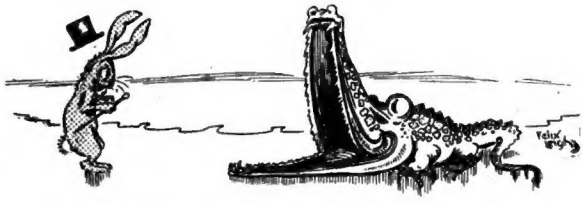
She: "Stop. You shan't kiss me to-night, at least, not before I have had an explanation. I heard to-day that you had been engaged to sixteen different girls."

He: "But that was before I had seen your angel face, my love."

She: "So it was, to be sure. I never thought of that."

* * * * *

A well-known judge, when he first went to the bar, was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case involving a right of property to a lot of pigs, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four pigs in that drove; just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in that jury-box."



DR. RABBIT'S FIRST PATIENT—AND HIS LAST.

"Yes, Doctor, I think it's a sore palate, but of course you'll step inside for the diagnosis."

DIFFICULT.

Magistrate: "Why were you going at such a high rate of speed?"

Chauffeur: "Shure, yer honour, oi was only thrying to get home before the power gave out."

* * * *

No unfortunate trader looks so down in the mouth as a dentist.

* * * * *

"Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveller. "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail, so mind your own business!"

* *

The man who keeps his word is very careful about giving it.

* *

A man never realises his unimportance until he returns after a prolonged absence and finds that nobody except his own family knew that he was away.

* * * * * * * *

Mere Child's Play. A story without words—those used being unprintable.

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IN THE AIR.

BOB: "Jones was killed while sky-larking."

HERB: "Where was he?"

BOB: "Up in a balloon."

* * *

THE RIGHT OCCASION.

POKE: "Is it a good idea, do you suppose, to be candid and frank?"

JOKE: "Yes. If it's your own virtues you're talking about."

* * * *

Nigger: "If you guess how many apples I've got in my hand, I'll give *it* to you."
Elly: "One!"
Nigger: "Somebody must have told you."

Kid: "How much is a shave?"
Barber: "2d."
Kid: "And a hair cut?"
Barber: "4d."
Kid: "Gimme a shave."

A man who has only one way to turn for a living—the street organ man.

* * *

Mr. Deadbroke: "Miss Pyle, may I call you Angelina? It's such a charming name!"
She: "It is; but it's my sister's, not mine."

* * *

NOT SO BAD.

WILSON: "So his wife treated him like a dog?"

MACK: "Yes; she fed him and petted him."

* * * * *

VERY SAD.

His career as a missionary
Was particularly dim;
He went to help the heathen,
But they helped themselves to him.

WE have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. X to conduct a puzzle page in the ROYAL MAGAZINE. Mr. X will join the staff in time to prepare a page for the December issue. You will probably like to hear something about our new contributor.

Mr. X is an extremely ingenious man, and has made a reputation in his own private circle of friends for the ease with which he tackles and solves problems, puzzles, riddles, and tricks of all kinds.

He has already invented many most successful puzzles and has won numerous prizes in the world of puzzledom.

But he is also very shy, and has asked us on no account to divulge his real name. He hates publicity, but in the solitude of his cellar he will grapple with any problem that is set him. If, therefore, you know of any good puzzles, send them along to Mr. X.

"X"—his mark.

Any new ones that are published in his page will be paid for handsomely. Address your letters to Mr. X care of the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Mr. X asks us to insert the following:

"That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is."

He tells us that this apparently meaningless string of words is perfectly intelligible if only the proper punctuation stops are inserted. We hope he is speaking the truth. Anyway, solutions are invited, and a Prize of Five Shillings will be given to any Competitor who, whilst successfully inserting the proper stops, also forwards one original word-catch, trick, puzzle, or conundrum which is considered by Mr. X worthy of publication. Contributions to be sent in envelopes marked "*Catch*," to Mr. X care of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., by November 25th.

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THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

By J. J. Bell.

With Music Composed Especially for the Royal Magazine *by Geoffrey Besant.*

I.

Festal fires and hearths alight,
Holly leaves and berries bright,
Mistletoe's romantic rite,
Music, mirth, and dance.
These again doth Christmas bring,
Making Winter blithe as Spring—
Where's the heart that cannot sing
"Hail!" at his advance?

II.

Shake your spirits free of care!
Hope can bloom in Arctic air!
Tho' our land is bleak and bare,
We are not forlorn.
Up and clink the loving glass,
Greybeard, madam, lad and lass,
Toast the year that soon must pass;
Toast the year unborn!

III.

Here's to you, dear Age! And tho
You have dreams of long ago,
May a merry thrill and glow
Touch your souls to-day!
Here's to you, sweet Youth, whose eyes
See no sign in sunset skies,
May you never grow too wise
To be freely gay!

IV.

Now relaxes labour's rule!
Young and old are "out of school!"
Hear the happy bells of Yule
Chime of love and cheer!
Gifts from open heart and hand,
Kindness shed throughout the land—
So, in cot and mansion grand,
Christmas crowns the year!

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